THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

MY LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY M. F. TUCKER.

My love—dear love—her tender eyes
Are not of heaven's delicious blue;
Yet in them all of sweetness lies,
Her soul is pure—her heart is true!

No envious rival's ardent gaze
Rests on her soft cheek's varying hue,
Yet lovely are her words and ways,
Her soul is pure—her heart is true!

My love! you never hear her speak
In scornful terms as many do;
But pities all God's poor and weak,
Her soul is pure—her heart is true!

The hand I clasp with such delight
Is like no lily, fair to view,
Much toil has dimmed its tender white,
But cannot dim her spirit true.

Her precious form of matchless worth,
No willow's grace is likened to;
Yet shrines the noblest heart on earth,
Dear heart! sweet heart, forever true!

No thought of guile my darling knows,
No thought of guile she ever knew;
As spotless as the mountain snows,
As sinless as the valley dew.

Let others seek for faces fair,
And fortune's fickle flame pursue;
Give me, life's joys and griefs to share—
Give me the girl whose heart is true!

A LIFE'S SECRET.

BY MRS. WOOD,
Author of "The Earl's Daughters," "The Mystery," "The Red Court Farm," &c., &c.

CHAPTER V.

DAFFODIL'S DELIGHT.

Turning to the right after quitting the business premises of the Messrs. Hunter, you came to an open, handsome part, where the square in which those gentlemen dwelt was situated, with other desirable squares, crescents, and houses. But, if you turned to the left instead of to the right, you very speedily found yourself in the midst of a dense locality, not so agreeable to the eye or to the senses.

And yet, some parts of this were not much to be complained of, unless you instituted a comparison between them and those open places; but in this world all things are estimated by comparison. Take Daffodil's Delight, for example. "Daffodil's Delight!" cries the puzzled reader, uncertain whether it may be a live animal or something to eat, "what's that?" Daffodil's Delight was nothing more than a tolerably long street, or lane, or double row of houses—wide enough for a street, dirty enough for a lane, the buildings irregular, not always contiguous, small gardens before some, and a few trees scattered here and there. When the locality was mostly fields, and the buildings on them scanty, a person of the name of Daffodil ran up a few tenements. He found that they let well, and he ran up more, and more, and more, until there was a long, long line of them and he growing rich. He called the place Daffodil's Delight—which we may suppose expressed his own complacent satisfaction at his success—and Daffodil's Delight it had continued, down to the present day. The houses were of various sizes, and of fancy appearance; some large, some small; some rising up like a narrow tower, some but a story high; some were all windows, some seemed to have none; some you could only gain by ascending steps; to others you pitched down as into a cellar; some lay back, with gardens before their doors, while others projected pretty nearly on to the street gutter. Nothing in the way of houses could be more irregular; and, what Mr. Daffodil's motive could have been in erecting such, cannot be conjectured—unless he formed an idea that he would make a venture to suit various tastes and diverse pockets.

Nearly at the beginning of this locality, in its best part, there stood a house detached, white—one of only six rooms, but superior in appearance, and well kept; indeed, it looked more like a gentleman's cottage residence, than a working man's. Verandah blinds were outside the windows, and green wire fancy stands held geraniums and other plants on the stone copings, against their lower panes, obviating the necessity for inside blinds. In this house lived Peter Quale. He had begun life carrying hods of mortar for masons, and covering up bricks with straw—a half-starved urchin, his feet as naked as his head, and his body pretty nearly the same. But he was steady, industrious, and persevering—just one of those men that *work on* for decent position, and acquire it. From two shillings per week to four, from four to six, from six to twelve—such had been Peter Quale's beginnings. At twelve shillings he remained for some time stationary, and then his advance was rapid. Now he was one of the superior artizans of the Messrs. Hunters' yard; was, in fact, in a post of trust, and his wages had grown in proportion. Daffodil's Delight said that Quale's earnings could not be less than £150 per annum. A steady, sensible, honest, but somewhat obstinate man, well-read, and intelligent; for Peter, while he advanced his circumstances, had not neglected his mind. He had cultivated that far more than he had his speech or his manner; a homely tone and grammar, better known to Daffodil's Delight than to polite ears, Peter favored still.

In the afternoon of Whit Monday, the day spoken of above, Peter sat in the parlor of his house, a pipe in his mouth, and a book in his hands. He looked about midway between forty and fifty, had a round bald head, surmounted just now by a paper cap, a fair complexion, gray whiskers, and a well-marked forehead, especially where lie the perceptive faculties. His eyes were deeply sunk in his head, and he was by nature a silent man. In the kitchen behind, "washing up" after dinner, was his helpmate, Mrs. Quale. Although so well to do, and having generally a lodger, she kept no servant—"Wouldn't be bothered with 'em," she said—but did her own work; a person coming in once a week to clean.

A rattling commotion in the street caused Peter Quale to look up from his book. A large pleasure-van had come rumbling down it, and was drawing up at the next door to his.

"Nancy!" called out he to his wife.

"Well!" came forth, in a brisk, bustling voice, from the depths of the kitchen.

"The Shucks, and that lot, be actually going off now!"

The news appeared to excite the curiosity of Mrs. Quale, and she came hastily in; a dark-eyed, rosy-cheeked little woman, with black curls and a neat white cap, well dressed in a plum-colored striped gown of some thin woolen material, a black apron, and a coarse apron pinned over that. She was an inveterate busy-body, knew every incident that took place in Daffodil's Delight, and possessed a free and easy tongue, but was a kindly woman withal, and very popular. She put her head outside the window above the geraniums, to reconnoitre.

"Oh, they be going, sure enough! Well, they are fools! That's just like Slippery Sam! By to-morrow they won't have a threepenny piece to bless themselves with. But, if they must have went, they might have started earlier in the day. There's the Whites! And why!—there's the Dunns! The van won't hold 'em all. As for the Dunns, they'll have to pinch for a month after it. She has got on a dandy new bonnet with pink ribbons. Aren't some folks idiots, Peter?"

Peter rejoined with a sort of a grunt, that it wasn't no business of his, and applied himself again to his pipe and book. Mrs. Quale made everybody's business hers, especially their failings and short comings; and she unpinned the coarse apron, flung it aside, and flew off to the next house.

It was inhabited by two families, the Shucks and the Baxendales. Samuel Shuck, usually called Slippery Sam, was an idle, oily-tongued chap, always slipping from work—hence the nickname—and spending at the "Bricklayers' Arms" what ought to have been spent upon his wife and children. John Baxendale was a quiet, reserved man, living respectably with his wife and daughter, but not saving. It was singular how improvident most of them were. Daffodil's Delight was chiefly inhabited by the workmen of the Messrs. Hunter; they seemed to love to congregate there as in a nest. Some of the houses were crowded with them, a family on a floor—even in a room; others rented a house to themselves, and lived in comfort.

Assembled inside Sam Shuck's front room, which was a kitchen and not a parlor, and to which the house door opened, were as many people as it could hold, all in their holiday attire. Abel White, his wife and family; Jim Dunn, ditto; Patrick Ryan and the childer, (Pat's wife was dead;) and John Baxendale and his daughter, besides others; the whole host of little Shucks, and half-a-dozen outside stragglers. Mrs. Quale might well wonder how all the lot could be stuffed into the pleasure-van. She darted into their midst.

"You never mean to say you be a going off, like simpletons, at this time o' day?" quoth she.

"Yes, we be," answered Sam Shuck, a lanky, serpent sort of man in frame, with a prominent black eye, a turned-up nose, and, as has been said, an oily tongue. "What have you got to say again it, Mrs. Quale? come!"

"Say!" said that lady, undauntedly, but in a tone of reason, rather than rebuke, "I say you may just as well fling your money in the gutter, as go off to Epping at three o'clock in the afternoon. Why didn't you start in the morning? If I hired a pleasure-van, I'd have my money's worth out of it."

"It's just this here," said Sam. "It was ordered to be here as St. Paul's great bell was a striking break o' day, but the wheels wasn't greased; and they have been all this while a greasing 'em with the best fresh butter at eighteen pence a pound, had up from Devonshire on purpose."

"You hold your tongue, Sam," reprimanded Mrs. Quale. "You have been a greasing your throat pretty strong, I see, with a extra pot or two; you'll be in for it as usual before the day's out. How is it you are going now?" she added, turning to the women.

"It's just the worst managed thing as I ever had to do with," volubly spoke up Jim Dunn's wife, Hannah. "And it's all the fault o' the men, as everything as goes wrong always is. There was a quarrel yesterday over it, and nothing was settled, and this morning when we met, they began a jawing again. Some would go, and some wouldn't; some 'ud have a van to the Forest, and some 'ud take a omnibus ride up to the Zological Gardens, and see the beasts, and finish up at the play; some 'ud sit at home, and smoke and drink, and wouldn't go nowhere; and most of the men got off to the 'Bricklayer's Arms' and stuck there; and afore the difference was settled in favor of the van and the Forest, twelve o'clock struck, and then there was dinner to be had, and us to put ourselves to rights, and the van to be seen after. And there it is, now three o'clock's gone."

"It'll be just a ride out, and a ride in," cried Mrs. Quale; "for you won't have much time to stop. Money must be plentiful with you, a fooling it away like that. I thought some of you had better sense."

"We spoke against it, father and I," said quiet Mary Baxendale, in Mrs. Quale's ear; "but as we had given our word to join it and share in the expense, we didn't like to go from it again. Mother doesn't feel strong to-day, so she's stopping at home."

"It does seem stupid to start at this late hour," spoke up a comely woman, mild in speech, Robert Darby's wife. "Better to have put it off till to-morrow, and taken another day's holiday, as I told my master. But when it was decided to go, we didn't say nay, for I couldn't bear to disappoint the children."

The children were already being lifted into the van. Sundry baskets and bundles, containing provisions for tea, and stone bottles of porter for the men, were being lifted in also. Then the general company got in, Daffodil's Delight, those not bound on the expedition, assembled to witness the ceremony, and Peter casting an eye at it from his parlor. After much packing, and stowing, and laughing, and jesting, and the gentlemen declaring the ladies must sit upon their laps three deep, the van and its four horses moved off, and went lumbering down Daffodil's Delight.

CHAPTER VI.

FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS!

Daffodil's Delight was in a state of commotion. It has been often remarked that there exists more real sympathy between the working classes, one for the other, than amongst those of a higher grade; and circumstances seem to bear it out. From one end of Daffodil's Delight to the other there ran just now a deep feeling of sorrow, of pity, of commiseration. Men made inquiries of each other as they passed in the street; women congregated at their doors to talk, concern on their faces, a question on their lips—"How is she? What does the doctor say?"

Yes; the excitement had its rise in one cause alone—the increased illness of Mrs. Baxendale. The physician had pronounced his fiat (little need to speak it, though, for the fact was only too apparent to all who used their eyes,) and the news had gone forth to Daffodil's Delight—Mrs. Baxendale was past recovery; was, in fact, dying!

The concern, universal as it was, showed itself in various ways. Visits and neighbourly calls were so incessant, that the Shucks openly rebelled at the "trampling up and down" through their "living room," by which route the Baxendale apartments could alone be gained. The neighbors came to help; to nurse; to shake up the bed and pillows; to prepare condiments over the fire; to condole and to gossip—with tears in their eyes and lamentation in their tones, and ominous shakes of the head, and uplifted hands; but still to gossip—*that* lies in human female nature. They brought offerings of savory delicacies, or things that, in their ideas, stood for delicacies—dainties likely to tempt the sick. Mrs. Cheek made a pint jug of what she called "buttered beer," a miscellaneous compound of scalding-hot porter, gin, eggs, sugar, and spice. Mrs. Baxendale sipped a little; but it did not agree with her palate, and she declined it for the future, with "thanks, all the same," and Mrs. Cheek and a crony or two disposed of it themselves with great satisfaction. All this served to prove two things—that good feeling ran high in Daffodil's Delight, and that means did not run low.

Of all the visitors, the most effectual assistant was Mrs. Quale. She gossipped, it is true, or it had not been Mrs. Quale; but she gave efficient help; and the invalid was always glad to see her come in, which could not be said with regard to all. Daffodil's Delight was not wrong in the judgment it passed upon Mary—that she was a "poor creature." True; poor as to being clever in a domestic point of view, or in attending upon the sick. In mind, in cultivation, in refinement, in gentleness, Mary Baxendale beat Daffodil's Delight hollow; she was also a beautiful seamstress; but in energy and capability Mary was sadly wanting. She was timid always—painfully timid in the sick-room; anxious to do for her mother all that was requisite, but scarcely knowing how to set about it. Mrs. Quale remedied this; she did the really efficient part; Mary gave love and gentleness; and, between the two, Mrs. Baxendale was thankful and happy.

John Baxendale, not a demonstrative man, was full of concern and grief. His had been a very happy home, free from domestic storms and clouds; and, to lose his wife was anything but a cheering prospect. His wages were good, and they had wanted for nothing, not even for peace. To such, when trouble comes, it seems hard to bear—it almost seems as if it came as a *wrong*.

"Just hold your tongue, John Baxendale," cried Mrs. Quale one day, upon hearing him express something to this effect. "Because you have never had no crosses, is it any reason that you never shall? No. Crosses are sure to come to us all sometime in our lives, in one shape or other."

"But it's a hard thing for it to come in this shape," retorted Baxendale, pointing to the bed. "I'm not repining or rebelling against what it pleases God to do; but I can't *see* the end of it. Look at some of the other wives in Daffodil's Delight; shrieking, raving trollops, turning their homes into a bear-garden with their tempers, and driving their husbands almost mad. If some of them were taken they'd never be missed: just the contrary."

"John," interposed Mrs. Baxendale in her quiet voice, "when I am gone up there"—pointing with her finger to the blue October sky—"it may make you think more of the time when you must come; may help you to work on a little for it, better than you have done."

Mary lifted her wan face, glowing now with the excitement of the thought. "Father, *that* may be the end. I think that God does send troubles in mercy, not in anger."

"Think?" ejaculated Mrs. Quale, tossing back her head with a manner less reverent than her words. "Before you shall have come to my age, girl, it's to be hoped you'll *know* he does. Isn't it time for the medicine?"

She poured it out, raised the invalid from her pillow, and administered it. John Baxendale looked on. "How long is it since Dr. Bevary was here?" he asked.

"Let's see?" responded Mrs. Quale, who liked to have most of the talking to herself, wherever she might be. "This is Friday. Tuesday, wasn't it, Mary? Yes, he was here on Tuesday."

"But why does he not come oftener?" cried John in a tone of resentment. "When one is as ill as she is—in danger of dying—is it right that a doctor should never come a-near for three or four days?"

"Oh, John! a great physician like Dr. Bevary!" remonstrated his wife. "It is so very good of him to come at all. And for nothing, too! he as good as said to Mary he didn't mean to charge."

"I can pay him; I'm capable of paying him, I hope," spoke John Baxendale. "Who said I wanted my wife to be doctored out of charity?"

"It's not just that, father, I think," said Mary. "He comes more in a friendly way."

"Friendly or not, it isn't come to the pass yet, that I can't pay a doctor," said John Baxendale. And, taking up his hat, he went out.

Bending his steps to Dr. Bevary's, there he was civil and humble enough, for John Baxendale was courteous by nature. The doctor was at home, and saw him.

"Listen, my good man," said Dr. Bevary, when he had caught somewhat of his errand. "If, by going round often, I could do any good to your wife, I should go; twice a day, three times a day—by night, too, if necessary. But I cannot do her good; had she a doctor over her bed constantly, he could render no service. I step round now and then, because I see that it is a satisfaction to her, and to those about her; not for anything I can do.

MONTICELLO, ONCE THE RESIDENCE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

We give above an engraving of Monticello, the residence of Ex-President Jefferson. For the last 30 years it has been the property and residence of Commodore U. P. Levy, but recently it has been confiscated, with all its lands, negroes, cattle, farming utensils, furniture, paintings, wines, etc., together with two other farms belonging to the same owner, and valued at from $70,000 to $80,000.

The mansion of Jefferson came into the hands of Commodore Levy through a singular chapter of circumstances. It will be remembered that he presented to the people of the United States a colossal bronze statue of Jefferson, for which he received the thanks of Congress. This statue now stands in front of the Presidential mansion. During the process of its acceptance by Congress, Commodore, then Lieutenant Levy, was dining with President Jackson, who said to him, "You are the very man I want to see. The property of Jefferson is advertised for sale, and I understand *a fellow* intends to purchase it, and exhibit the tomb of the great 'Apostle of Liberty' at a shilling a head. It is to be sold on Tuesday; go down and buy it." The lieutenant replied that he could "better plough the deep than the land. "That matters not," rejoined the President; "go and buy it."

The mansion-house at Monticello was built and furnished in the days of Mr. Jefferson's prosperity. It cost $100,000. It stands on an elliptic plain, formed by cutting down the apex of a mountain, and on the west, as well as on the north and south, it commands a view of the Blue Ridge for 150 miles, and brings under the eye one of the boldest and most beautiful horizons in the world. On the east it commands a prospect bounded only by the low, dim horizon, where nature seems to sleep in eternal repose, as if to form one of her finest contrasts with her rude and rolling grandeur in the west. From this summit, Jefferson used to contemplate that Nature which he so loved, and from which he drew some of his loftiest inspirations. The spot, too, is an appropriate one for his tomb—high, quiet, and serene.

Com. Levy, we may add, is the only surviving ward-room officer of the gallant brig Argus, which ran the British blockade in 1812, landed our Ambassador, Mr. Crawford, in France, and then ran into the British Channel, and destroyed 21 British sail. The last ship destroyed by the Argus had 16,500 pieces of linen on board, and her invoice was £125,000 sterling, or $625,000. Com. Levy was also a prisoner of war in England for nearly two years, part of the time in close confinement in Mill prison. In 1858, however, we find him returning good for evil. In that year he was sent in his flagship, the Macedonian, with pressing orders, to Syria, to investigate the murder of our missionaries there. Here he found an English frigate ashore, having on board her Majesty's Ambassador, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and family, in the Gulf of Smyrna. With promptness, vigor and kindness he came to anchor, and remained with the distressed ship, the Curacoa, some days and nights, until she was again afloat. For this act he received the thanks of her Majesty's Government. Monticello was taken from him because he belonged to the "Lincoln navy." Certainly no officer in the army or navy has been so victimized by the rebels.

I told you a week ago the end was not very far off, and that she would meet it calmly. She will be in no further pain; no worse than she is now."

"I am able to pay you, sir."

"That is not the question. If you paid me a guinea every time I came round, I should visit her no more frequently than I do."

"And, if you please, sir, I'd rather pay you," continued the man. "I'm sure I don't grudge it; and it goes against the grain to have it said that John Baxendale's wife is attended out of charity. We English workmen, sir, are independent, and are proud of being so."

"Very good," said Dr. Bevary. "I should be sorry to see the day come when English workmen lost their independence. As to 'charity,' we will talk a bit about that. Look here, Baxendale," the Doctor added, laying his hand upon his shoulder, "you and I can speak reasonably together, as man to man. We both have to work for our living—you with the hands, and I chiefly with the head—so, in that, we are equal. I go twice a week to see your wife; I have told you why it is useless to go oftener. When patients come to me, they pay me a guinea, and I see them twice for it, which is equivalent to half a guinea a visit; but, when I go to patients at their own houses, my fee is a guinea each time. Now, would it seem to you a neighborly act that I should take two guineas weekly from your wages?—quite as much, or more, than you gain. What does my going round cost me? A few minutes' time; a touch of your wife's pulse; sometimes a few words written on a piece of paper furnished by Mary; a gossip with Mrs. Quale, touching the doings of Daffodil's Delight, and a groan at those thriftless Shucks, in their pigsty of a room. That is the plain statement of facts; and I should like to know what there is in it that need put your English spirit up. Charity! We might call it by that name, John Baxendale, if I were the guinea each time out of pocket, through medicines or other things furnished to you."

John Baxendale smiled; but he looked only three parts convinced.

"Tush, man!" said the Doctor; "I may be asking you to do me some friendly service, one of these days, and then, you know, we should be quits. Ah, John! folks don't get to heaven by being hard upon their neighbors; take you note of that."

John Baxendale half put out his hand, and the Doctor shook it.

"I think I understand now, sir; and I thank you heartily for what you have said. I only wish you could do some good to the wife."

"I wish I could, Baxendale," he called out throwing a merry glance at the man as he was moving away. "I sha'n't bring an action against you in the county court for these unpaid fees, Baxendale, for it wouldn't stand. I never was called in to see your wife; I went of my own accord, and have so continued to go, and shall so continue. Good-day."

John Baxendale was descending the steps of the house door, when he encountered Mrs. Hunter. She stopped him to inquire after his wife.

"Getting weaker daily, ma'am, thank you. The Doctor has just told me again that there's no hope."

"I am truly sorry to hear it," said Mrs. Hunter. "I will call in and see her. I did intend to call before, but something or other has caused me to put it off."

John Baxendale touched his hat, and departed. Mrs. Hunter went in to her brother.

"Oh, is it you, Louisa?" he exclaimed. "A visit from you is somewhat a rarity. Are you feeling worse?"

"Rather better, I think, than usual. I have just met John Baxendale," continued Mrs. Hunter, sitting down and untying her bonnet strings. "He says there is no hope of his wife. Poor woman! I wish it had been different. Many a worse woman could have been better spared."

"Ah," said the Doctor, drawing his mouth aside, "if folks were taken according to our notions of whom might be best spared, what a world this might be! Where's Florence?"

"I did not bring her out with me, Robert. I came round to say a word to you about James," resumed Mrs. Hunter, her voice insensibly lowering itself to a tone of confidence. "Something is the matter with him; and I cannot imagine what."

"Been eating too many cucumbers again, no doubt," cried the Doctor. "He *will* go in at that cross-grained vegetable, let it be in season, or out."

"Eating!" returned Mrs. Hunter, "I wish he did'eat. For at least a fortnight—more, I think—he has not eaten enough to support a bird. That he is ill, is evident to all—must be evident; but when I ask him what is the matter, he persists in it that he is quite well; that I am fanciful; is annoyed, in short, that I should allude to it. Has he been here to consult you?"

"No," replied Dr. Bevary; "this is the first I have heard of it. How does he seem? what are his symptoms?"

"It appears to me," said Mrs. Hunter, almost in a whisper, "that the malady is more on the mind. There is no palpable disorder. He is restless, nervous, agitated: so restless at night, that he has now taken to sleep in a room apart from mine—not to disturb me, he says. I fear—I fear he may have been attacked with some dangerous inward malady, which he is concealing. His father, you know, died of—"

"Nonsense, Louisa! you are indeed becoming fanciful," interrupted the Doctor. "Old Mr. Hunter died of an unusual disorder, I admit; but, if the symptoms of such appeared in either James or Henry, they would come galloping to me in hot haste, asking if my skill could suggest a preventative. It is no 'inward malady,' depend upon it. He has been smoking too much; or eating too much cucumber. When did you first notice him to be ill?"

"It is, I say, about a fortnight since. One evening there came a stranger to our house, a lady, and she *would* see him. He did not want to see her; he sent young Clay to her, who happened to be with us; but she insisted upon seeing James. They were closeted together a long while, before she left; and then James went out—on business, Mr. Clay said."

"Well?" cried Dr. Bevary. "What has the lady to do with it?"

"I am not sure that she has anything to do with it. James said she had come on Henry's business, not his. Florence told an incomprehensible story about the lady's having gone into Baxendale's that afternoon, after seeing her uncle Henry in the street and mistaking him for James. A Miss—what was the name?—Gwinn, I think."

Dr. Bevary, who happened to have a small glass phial in his hand, let it fall to the ground; whether by inadvertence, or that the words startled him, he best knew.

"Well?" was all he repeated, after he had gathered the pieces in his hand.

"I waited up till twelve o'clock, and James never came in. I heard him let himself in afterwards with his latch key, and come up into the dressing-room. I called out to know where he had been, it is so unusual for him to stay out, and he said, 'Only on a little business,' and that I was to go to sleep, for he had some writing to do. But, Robert, instead of writing, he was pacing the house all night, out of one room into another; and in the morning—oh, I wish you could have seen him—he looked wild, wan, haggard, as one does who has got up out of a long illness; and I am positive he had been weeping. From that time, I have noticed the change I tell you of. He seems like one going into his grave. But, whether the illness is upon the body or the mind, I know not."

Dr. Bevary appeared intent upon putting together the pieces of his phial, making them fit into each other.

"It will all come right, Louisa; don't fret yourself; something must have gone cross in his business. I'll call in at the office and see him, and recommend some boluses."

"Do not say that I have spoken to you.—He seems to have quite a nervous dread of its being observed that anything is wrong with him; has spoken sharply, not in anger, but in anguish, when I have pressed the question. You can see what you think of him, and tell me afterwards."

The answer was only a nod; and Mrs. Hunter went out. Dr. Bevary remained in a brown study. His servant came in with an account that patient after patient was waiting for him, but the Doctor replied by a repelling gesture, and the man did not again dare intrude. Perplexity and pain sat upon his brow; and, when at last he did rouse himself, he raised aloft his hands, and gave utterance to words that sounded very like a prayer.

"Pray Heaven it may not be so! It would kill Louisa."

The pale, delicate face of Mrs. Hunter was at that moment bending over the invalid in her bed. In her soft, gray silk dress and light shawl, her simple straw bonnet with its white ribbons, she looked just the right sort of visitor for a sick chamber; and her voice was sweet, and her manner gentle.

"No, ma'am, don't speak of hope to me," murmured Mrs. Baxendale. "I know that there is none left, and I am quite reconciled to die. I have been an ailing body for years, dear lady; and it is wonderful how those that are so get to look upon death with satisfaction, rather than with dread."

"I have long been ailing too," softly replied Mrs. Hunter. "I am rarely free from pain, and I know that I shall never be healthy and strong again. But still—I do fear it would give me pain to die, were the fiat to come forth."

"Never fear, dear lady," cried the invalid, her eyes brightening. "Before the fiat does come, be assured that God will have reconciled you to it. Ah, ma'am, what matters it, after all? It is a journey we *must* take; and, if we are prepared, it is but the setting off a little sooner or a little later to our heavenly home. I got Mary to read me the burial service on Sunday: I was always fond of it, but I am past reading now. In one part thanks are given to God for that He has been pleased to deliver the dead out of the miseries of this sinful world. Ma'am, if he did not remove us to a better and a happier, would the living be directed to give thanks for our departure? That little bit of Scripture might alone teach us not to be afraid of death."

"A spirit ripe for heaven," thought Mrs. Hunter, when she took her leave.

It was Mrs. Quale who piloted her through the room of the Shucks. Of all scenes of disorder and discomfort, about the worst reigned there. Sam had been—you must excuse the inelegance of the phrase, but it was much in vogue in Daffodil's Delight—"on the loose" again for a couple of days. He sat sprawling across the hearth, a pipe in his mouth and a pot of porter at his feet. The wife was crying with her hair down: the children were quarrelling in tatters; the dirt in the place, as Mrs. Quale expressed it, stood on end; and Mrs. Hunter wondered how folks could bear to live so.

"Now, Sam Shuck, don't you see who is a standing in your presence?" sharply cried Mrs. Quale.

Sam, his back to the staircase door, really had not seen. He threw his pipe into the grate, started up, and pulled his hair to Mrs. Hunter, in a very humble fashion. In his hurry he turned over a small child, and the contents of the pewter pot a-top of it. The child roared; the wife took it up and shook its clothes in Sam's face, restraining her tongue till the lady should be gone; and Mrs. Hunter stepped into the garden out of the *melee*—glad to get there: Sam following her in a spirit of politeness.

"How is it you are not at work to day, Shuck?" she asked.

"I am going to-morrow; I shall go for certain, ma'am."

"You know, Shuck, I never do interfere with Mr. Hunter's men," said Mrs. Hunter. "I consider that intelligent workmen, as you are, ought to be above any advice that I could offer. But I cannot help saying how sad it is that you should waste your time. Were you not discharged a little while ago, and taken on again under a specific promise, made by you to Mr. Henry Hunter, that you would be diligent in future?"

"I am diligent," grumbled Sam. "But law, ma'am, a chap must take holiday now and then. 'Tain't in human nature to be always having the shoulder to the wheel."

"Well, be cautious," said Mrs. Hunter. "If you offend again, and get discharged, I know they will not be so ready to take you back. Remember your little children, and be steady for their sakes."

Sam went indoors to his pipe, to his wife's tongue, and to despatch a child to get the pewter pot replenished. Mrs. Hunter stood listening to Mrs. Quale at her gate, who was astonishing her with the shortcomings of the Shucks, and prophesying that their destiny would be the workhouse, when Austin Clay came forth from his apartments, to return to the yard.

Mrs. Hunter walked by his side; Mrs. Baxendale, Sam Shuck, and Daffodil's Delight generally, forming themes of converse. Austin raised his hat to her when they came to the gates of the yard.

"No, I am not about to part; I am going in with you," said Mrs Hunter. "I want to speak just a word to my husband, if he is at liberty. Will you find him for me?"

"He has been in his private room all the morning, and is probably there still," said Austin.

He led the way down the passage, and knocked at the door, Mrs. Hunter following him. There was no answer; and believing, in consequence, that it was empty, he opened it.

Two gentlemen stood within it, near a table, paper, and pens and ink before them, and what looked like a cheque book. They must have been deeply absorbed not to have heard the knock. One was Mr. Hunter; the other—Austin recognized him—Gwinn the lawyer, of Ketterford. "I will not sign it!" Mr. Hunter was exclaiming, with passionate vehemence. "Five thousand pounds! it would cripple me for life."

"Then you know the alternative. I go this moment and—"

"Mrs. Hunter wishes to speak to you, sir," interposed Austin, drowning the words and speaking loudly. The gentlemen turned sharply round; and when Mr. Hunter caught sight of his wife, the red passion of his face turned to a livid pallor.

Lawyer Gwinn nodded familiarly to Austin.

"How are you, Clay? Getting on, I hope. *Who* is this person, may I ask?"

"This lady is Mrs. Hunter," haughtily replied Austin, after a pause, surprised that Mr. Hunter did not take up the words—the offensive manner in which they were spoken—the insulting look that accompanied them. But Mr. Hunter did not appear in a state to take anything up just then. He had backed to the wall, his ashy face leaning against it, and the cold drops of perspiration coursing down.

Gwinn bent his body to the ground. "I beg the lady's pardon. I had no idea she was Mrs. Hunter." But so ultra courteous were the tones, so low the bow, that Austin Clay's cheeks burnt at the covert irony.

"James, you are ill," said Mrs. Hunter, advancing in her quiet, lady-like manner, but taking no notice whatever of the stranger. "Can I get anything for you? Shall we send for Dr. Bevary?"

"It is but a spasm; it is going off. You will oblige me by leaving us," he whispered to her. "I am very busy."

"You seem too ill for business," she rejoined. "Can you not put it off? Rest might be of service to you."

"No, madam, the business cannot be put off," spoke up Lawyer Gwinn. And down he sat in a chair, with a determined air of quiet power; something like his sister had sat herself down, a fortnight before, in Mr. Hunter's hall. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ COAL OIL.—Coal oil is now shipped to Italy. Perhaps it returns to us with the sardines, or in wicker flasks.

☞ A member of the Ohio 3d Cavalry writes home:—"Speaking of hominy permit me to note a few of the remarks that I have heard the boys get off while devouring this excellent article of subsistence. One, a cockney, observed to a comrade, 'Hi say, Arry, does ominy grow on bushes?' and another, an Irishman, asked the cook 'what made the pase lok so white?' but the most amusing of them all, was our Dutch sergeant, who said yesterday at dinner—'I yust like to know vot do beebles likes dem corn-peans fur.'"

☞ The mismanagement of inexperienced travellers has become a matter of Joe Miller. An old but favorite illustration, told from the Mississippi to California, is this:—A man rides up to a standing wagon, and seeing a wretched-looking lad nursing a starving baby, asks him what the matter may be: "Wal, now," responds the youth, "guess I'm kinder streakt—ole dad's drunk; ole marm's in hysterics; brother Jem be playing poker with two gamblers; sister Sal's down yonder a courtin' with an entire stranger; this 'ere baby's got the diarea; the team's clean guv out; the wagon's broke down; it's twenty miles to the next water; and I don't care a cuss if I never see California."

☞ Mr. Volney was a great friend of Mr. Jefferson, but Washington was always rather shy of French philosophers. The stranger solicited letters of recommendation from Washington, to be used in his tour through the states. He received one which contained only these words:—

"C. Volney needs no recommendation from

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

☞ In London, a coal whipper testified that he and his wife had quarrelled and parted *forever* more than *twenty times!*

☞ Sir Isaac Newton made a practical bull, when having made a hole in his door for his cat to enter, he also made a smaller hole for her kitten.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBR'ARY 15, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

DEATH OF SAML. C. ATKINSON.

The death of this gentleman, on the 2d inst., properly calls for some notice in these columns. Mr. Atkinson (in conjunction with Mr. Alexander) established the SATURDAY EVENING POST on the 4th of August, in the year 1821. The office was first located in a building which had formerly been occupied by Benjamin Franklin's printing office, in Market street below Second. The POST, which was the pioneer of the weekly family papers, was, we believe, successful from the start; and Mr. Atkinson accumulated some forty or fifty thousand dollars in the course of his connection with it, which means he unfortunately lost in various speculations. Mr. Alexander maintained his connection with Mr. Atkinson about seven years. Mr. Atkinson sold the paper to Messrs. Du Solle and George R. Graham in 1830—having thus owned the paper about 18 years.

Of late, Mr. Atkinson has been engaged in the printing business in Newark, New Jersey. He died in this city, in the 66th year of his age, after a laborious, useful and upright life.

A GOOD MOVE.

One of the most important items of news this week, is that of the restriction of Gen. McClellan's command to the army of the Potomac.

The immediate command of all the armies in the field, is once again in the hands of the President, assisted by the Cabinet, and operating through the War Department.

It is evident that there is great reason to doubt the capacity of whoever is responsible for the military movements, as well as the military inaction, of the last three months. Taking the Southern naval expeditions for an example, for which the winter season is the very best season, it would be difficult to prove they had not been shockingly blundered. If they had been concentrated, and commanded by men of the requisite ability and earnestness, who would have struck while the iron was hot, either Savannah and Charleston, or Mobile and New Orleans would now be in our possession. But, as it is, the following comment on the success of these expeditions, from a North Carolina paper, has entirely too much truth in it:—

Three months ago it was announced in the Northern papers, that another expedition would follow that which had just sailed for Port Royal, and would be under the command of Gen. Burnside. This fleet is at last in our waters, and public expectation is strained to trace its operations, and see what it will accomplish.

The Burnside is the fourth expedition which the Yankees have fitted out to make demonstrations on different portions of the coast of the Confederate States. *The first expedition captured the Hatteras sand banks; the second obtained possession of Port Royal; and the third effected a lodgment on Ship Island, a barren islet on the Mississippi Sound, remarkable for white sand and crocodiles.* It remains to be seen what the fourth expedition will accomplish.

In fact if these naval expeditions had been designed expressly to amuse the Northern people with a mere show of action, and demonstrate to the country and the world, at an enormous expense, "how not to do it," they might be considered thus far a very great success.

We need not refer to the inaction, partly necessary, partly enforced, on the Potomac, on the Mississippi, and in Missouri. In Missouri, we see the army under Hunter, after Fremont's removal, ordered back to Sedalia and Rolla, only to be ordered "back again" at the expiration of about sixty days. If it was foolish for Fremont to be at Springfield two months ago, what are our troops doing at Lebanon now? But the fact is that it was a blunder of Gen. McClellan's—or whoever was responsible for the order. Price, whose force, it was alleged, was so demoralized as to be able to do nothing, immediately reoccupied the districts our army abandoned, and central and western Missouri paid the penalty of the blunder in new devastation and pillage.

That Gen. McClellan is one of the ablest of our commanders, we are disposed to believe. But he is yet comparatively untried. He has given no proof of his capacity, that can warrant his expecting of the country such an implicit and unreasoning reliance upon his military talents, as a Napoleon or a Wellington might fairly demand. The victor of a hundred fights might well ask for perfect confidence, and his country might well place her destiny in his hands. But a young soldier, with only the scanty laurels of one insignificant campaign around his brows, cannot wonder if his country should narrowly watch his movements, and refuse him the unquestioning trust that would be unhesitatingly reposed in one who had been proved by many successful campaigns to be an undoubted master of the art of war.

For our own part, we do not believe that the heroes of this war are yet found—and we do not see how they are to be found except by action. We believe that three-fourths of the generals now in command are more or less incompetent—either by reason of want of energy and ability, or want of earnestness. Action may at first bring with it defeat—but it is only through such action, enabling us to ascertain the suitable material for leaders, that we ever shall be victorious. Action will either give us victory, or manifest the incompetency of the present commanders. But so long as there is no action, you can have no test of real ability—and pompous creatures of military precedent and routine, will continue to domineer over the really able men who now are in subordinate positions.

By keeping the control of the war in the War Department, the natural tendency of all superior officers to put aside or crush out meritorious subordinates, who may ultimately become rivals to themselves, can be guarded against. For instance, a Major-General finds one of his Brigadiers becoming too famous—and what does he do, if he is a selfish man, as too many are? He studiously puts him where he cannot display his abilities, or he exposes him to the dangers of defeat and disgrace. He does not admit to his own heart, perhaps, that he is acting thus from the mean motive of jealousy. He persuades himself—the human heart being "deceitful above all things"—that the Brigadier or the Colonel in question, is really a rash and dangerous commander, who has just happened to succeed where he might reasonably have been expected to have failed. If the subordinate be a man of the very highest military talent—a man of genius, in fact—he may very naturally and honestly be mistrusted by a prudent, sensible superior of average capacity. Every one will remember how the old Austrian generals scoffed at young Napoleon, and his utter disregard of what they had been taught to consider the imperative rules of war, even when being continually beaten by him.

It was the honest protest of talent against a genius which it had not yet learned to venerate. A man of genius, no matter what his department, is apt to be mistrusted by the men of mere talent around and above him, until he has fairly knocked it into their dull brains by his deeds that he is really a man of genius, and belongs to the class which makes new rules and systems, and overturns the old.

We trust, therefore, that the War Department will see to it that the subordinate officers who manifest talent and ability, are not snubbed out of the service by their incapable superiors. For this, we repeat, is one of the most important reasons why the chief management of affairs should be in the Department, and not in *any* Major-General.

ANOTHER VICTORY.

The capture of Fort Henry seems to have been brilliantly executed. The gunboats being probably in a hurry, in order to reap all the glory themselves, did not await the co-operation of the land forces. This made the affair more brilliant, but probably less successful than it would otherwise have been. For the land forces might have compelled the surrender also of the 4,000 troops in the adjacent camp.

Fort Henry is in Tennessee, on the Tennessee river, very near the border line. Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland river, not many miles distant, was to be next attacked. One body of our troops was already pressing on after the flying fugitives to Paris, which lies on the railroad running from Memphis—through Bowling Green—to Louisville. With Paris in their possession the Union troops cut off the connection between the rebel army at Bowling Green and Memphis, and menace their railroad communication with Nashville. They also menace, on the west, the southern communications of the rebels at Columbus. The rebels may yet have to abandon both Bowling Green and Columbus without a struggle.

In the east of Kentucky the advices indicate that Gen. Thomas is pushing forward two columns towards Knoxville—the country being opened by Crittenden and Zollicoffer's defeat. Once at Knoxville, which lies on the great railroad running from Virginia to the Southwest, Virginia is divided from Tennessee and Arkansas, and from the Southwestern states, so far as the direct route is concerned. Once at Knoxville, also, in force, we shall be able to test the quality and amount of the Union feeling in the mountain core of the South, including Eastern Tennessee, Western North Carolina, and Northern Alabama and Georgia, where the Union feeling is to be found, if anywhere. But the rebels cannot afford, we should think, to allow these important railroad communications to be broken without further struggles. But how can they make those struggles, except by weakening themselves either on the Potomac or in Kentucky?

Immediately after the defeat of Zollicoffer, we had a report that Beauregard had gone west with 15,000 men. There is no doubt that Beauregard has gone, and it may be several thousand men with him—trusting to the bad state of the roads in Virginia to prevent an Union advance. So long as those roads are as they are, they might spare, perhaps, even 15,000 men with impunity. If those troops have been sent, they are probably now in and near Knoxville, awaiting Gen. Thomas's advance.

But the loss of Forts Henry and Donelson would necessitate another demand for men, unless a retreat from Bowling Green or Columbus is to be ordered. For at neither place, we judge, will they be able to advance and offer battle to the troops immediately in front of them.

The game in Kentucky is thus growing intensely interesting—and it will be watched by the country with the deepest interest. It seems a fortunate thing, however, for the rebels, that the roads in Virginia are just now so bad as to render a forward movement of the Union forces almost impracticable. Perhaps in a week they may be better.

THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION.—News to the 5th represents the greater portion of the fleet inside the inlet, and preparing to go to work. We think it probable that the expedition has suffered more severely from the frequent storms than we are yet aware of. There was a doubtful rumor in circulation at Hatteras, that the rebels had offered, through a flag of truce, to give up Roanoke Island, on condition that Elizabeth City should not be attacked. The best thing probably for the expedition to do, would be to reinforce Sherman at Port Royal—Burnside taking command—and then move against Charleston or Savannah.

FRANCE.

The Paris correspondent of the *London News* says:—

The *Debats*, *Temps*, and *Opinione Nationale* strongly oppose the doctrine that there is anything contrary to the law of nations in the conduct of the United States at Charleston, and argue that to destroy a port (even assuming that they have done it,) is not an inhuman an act as to bombard a city. *But all the Government journals, including the Moniteur, make the worst of the Charleston affair, and the Patrie continually hints at the recognition of the rebel States as being imminent.* M. Grandguillot has republished a series of his articles in the *Pays*, in the form of a pamphlet, with the heading, "La Reconnaissance du Sud." Notwithstanding these symptoms, however, the important news that England has revoked the prohibition against the exportation of saltpetre and munitions of war, and *the buoyancy of the French funds, are strong arguments that no intervention in American affairs can be contemplated.*

Judging from the changed tone of the *London Times*—changed, but still the same at heart—to France is to be committed the next move against the United States. The *Times* says, Mr. Massey says, and nobody denies, that France has repeatedly urged upon England that both nations should join and break the blockade. England, so far, they say, holds back. France is about increasing her fleet in the Gulf of Mexico.

England, it is evident, thinks it would look hardly decent, so soon after the surrender of Mason and Slidell, to menace war anew. But evidently both governments are beginning to think that they only need to menace, and that we will submit.

And thus it is that the government press at Paris is making the most and worst of the stone blockade, and the "*ineffectiveness*" of the blockade generally. Now if the blockade is so "*ineffective*," why is it so *effective*? It will pay handsomely—equal to the slave-trade probably—to run the blockade successfully; why then is it not continually done? Simply because the blockade, though not perfect, is so very effective that the risk is too great. Cotton can be bought at eight or nine cents in New Orleans, and sold at twenty-five cents in Havana—and the return cargo will pay just as well—why not then make such voyages, if the blockade be ineffective.

But when a government has made up its mind to do an unjust thing, excuses are never wanting. We are very fearful that Louis Napoleon means, if he has a good chance, to break the tie which has always bound us to France—the only political tie which now remains between the United States and the old world.

A letter from Thurlow Weed, dated, Paris, Jan. 21st, says:—

"We are only out of one trouble to be precipitated, as I fear, into another. *The Emperor, it is thought, will take ground against us in the speech to his Chambers on the 25th inst.* The industrial interests of France are depressed, and their sufferings are attributed to our blockade. Europe believes that we cannot subdue the rebellion. There is much talk about intervention to put an end to civil war, etc. The Morril tariff was the original cause of ill-feeling in France and England. It was regarded as aggressive legislation. If it could be modified, good would result from it here, but I suppose that is impossible with the feeling that exists.

"I intend to return to London on Saturday, endeavoring in the meantime, if possible, to do some good here. We ask the Governments of England and France to give us time—to wait a few months longer. We endeavor also to show them that they will not get cotton by a hostile policy. Had Manassas been a victory instead of a defeat, all would have been different on this side of the Atlantic. Even now, if General McClellan would move successfully, it would change things. As it is, the opinion of England is that we cannot put down the rebellion."

Yes, three months of active, vigorous operations—wherever war can possibly be waged—and *especially the capture of the principal rebel seaports*, would effectually prevent any foreign intervention, from France or England, or both united. And the operations of the last few weeks seem to betoken such action. Let us trust the defeat of Marshall and of Crittenden, and the capture of Fort Henry, are but the beginning of a career of triumph.

EXPULSION OF BRIGHT.

Jesse D. Bright, U. S. Senator from Indiana, was expelled last week by the following vote:

YEAS—Messrs. Anthony, Browning, Chandler, Clarke, Collamer, Davis, Dixon, Doolittle, Fessenden, Foot, Foster, Grimes, Hale, Harlan, Henderson, Howard, Howe, Johnson, King, Lane, (Ind.,) McDougal, Morrill, Pomeroy, Sherman, Simmons, Sumner, Trumbull, Wade, Wilkinson, Wilmot, Wilson, (Mass.) Wilson, (Mo.)—32.

NAYS—Messrs. Bayard, Carlisle, Cowan, Harris, Kennedy, Latham, Nesmith, Pearce, Powell, Rice, Saulsbury, Ten Eyck, Thomson, and Willey—14

The Vice President said that, as two-thirds had voted in favor of the resolution, it was adopted.

The most singular part of this matter to us, is the long time the Senate took to discuss it. After they had ascertained the fact that Bright had written a letter addressed to Jeff Davis as "President of the Confederate States," and introducing to Davis's knowledge his (Bright's) "friend," as the manufacturer of improved fire-arms, they ought to have been able to come to a decision of expulsion at once, without any discussion at all. It argues a lamentable want of earnestness in the Senate, to need a long discussion to convince them of their imperative duty in so plain a case. Under similar circumstances, the rebel Congress would not have taken more than ten minutes.

NO ATTACK YET ON SAVANNAH.—Advices from Port Royal as late as Jan. 30th, represent that an expedition with several thousand troops on board had sailed to "*reconnoitre*" Savannah, and then returned. It is very important that the present healthy season of the year should not be wasted, but that something of magnitude should be done in the cotton states before the warm weather sets in. If Sherman is not strong enough to take Savannah and Charleston, why was not Burnside instructed to reinforce him?

THE TREASURY NOTE BILL.

This bill, with the clause making the $150,000,000 of Treasury notes a legal tender, passed the House by 93 ayes to 53 nays. We do not wonder at those who were fearful of the effect of the "legal tender" clause, but we think the majority were right in adhering to it. Everything depends now upon not issuing a greater amount of such notes than the credit of the government and the demands of commerce will sustain.

It must be remembered that if taxes are levied every year to the extent of $150,000,000, payable in these Treasury notes, and if they are to be received for duties also, the demand for these purposes alone will do much to maintain them at their full value. We may be mistaken, but we think an issue to the amount contemplated in the bill, will be sustained in the market with ease. And if they can be thus sustained, their value to the community in furnishing a currency passing readily in all parts of the country, will be very great.

If this bill be supported by the passage of a properly adjusted tax bill—a bill framed with a due consideration of the experience of other nations—and both be aided by an earnest and vigorous war policy, the industrial interests will awaken at once from their present lethargy, and the country, as well as foreign nations, will begin to perceive that our deliverance is at hand.

THE GEORGIA ADDRESS.

We give in our news columns the despairing address of Toombs, Crawford, and the two Cobbs to the people of Georgia.

It will be noticed that these gentlemen already confess that they have a much more serious job on their hands than they expected when they began the rebellion. Already have they had all the old nonsense about "Southern chivalry," "Northern cowardice," and "one Southerner is equal to three Northerners," thrashed out of them. They begin already to have a faint conception of the "*energy, perseverance and resources*" of the Northern people. And are now offering to their fellow-citizens, as a natural consequence, the counsels of despair.

Burn, burn, burn—"*let the loved homes of your youth be made ashes*," "*let every city be levelled by the flame, and every village be lost in ashes*"—this is the despairing, shrieking advice of these Georgia leaders. But such advice is folly and madness. They cannot leave "*a desert more terrible than Sahara*" behind them, if they would. It is not possible, Messrs. rebels—unless you are able to stop the clouds from raining. How ridiculous such impossible threats make those who utter them. Georgia would grow as good cotton the next year, if every rebel within her borders should burn down his house, and blow out his own brains in the ruins afterwards. In fact, we are not certain but that the latter would be a very good thing—but then they will not do it. Toombs, Crawford, and the two Cobbs will live in Georgia as long as they can, and when that climate becomes too hot for them, will make their way to Cuba, Mexico, South America, or Europe in double-quick time. See if they do not.

MEXICO.

The news from Mexico by way of San Francisco, that the Spanish army had been defeated in a severe battle at the famous national bridge near Vera Cruz, is, we fear, too good to be true. That the Mexicans are uniting, however, as one man, against the invaders, seems to rest on more certain foundations; and when a whole people thus unite, they are never an insignificant enemy. One Napoleon found the truth of this in Spain, and another may find it perhaps in Mexico.

France, it seems, is about to increase her portion of the allied forces, and send a General to take the chief command. It is probable now, from French rumors, that the design is to re-establish the monarchy in Mexico.

How quick the European finger begins to meddle with the plums of the American pie! Our rebellion, disabling us, is not a year old, and here we have an allied inroad into Mexico, and a British mediation—peaceable as yet—in South America. Our turn they intend to come next doubtless. But by the mercy of God we may yet disappoint them.

The *Richmond Examiner* does not relish the contemptuous epithets applied by the *London Times* to Mason and Slidell. The *Examiner* says that, instead of the said commissioners being "suppliants" at the English Throne, they are but simply to demand "our rights under the rules which England herself has acknowledged to be just and binding." The editor then tries to prove that England cannot wrong the rebel government without injuring herself, and concludes his article thus:—

"We, therefore, confidently expect of England an early compliance with our application; while, at the same time, *we shall feel that we shall not in the least have compromised our independence. We shall owe her no homage and no gratitude.* If she perform to us this act of justice gracefully, whatever the ruling motive, we should owe her good will, and the the disposition to cultivate friendly and intimate relations; but such speeches as the *London Times* is reported to have uttered, would neutralize all such sentiments. *John Bull is a surly animal, we know; but such gratuitous rudeness shows a want of practical sense, as well as good manners.*"

The *Examiner* will find that if John Bull ever gives effectual aid to the South, it will only be to make the South dependent, instead of independent. John Bull, it will find, is selfish as well as "surly," and if he ever aids in pulling the Southern chestnut out of the fire, it will not be for the especial benefit of the chestnut. Bull has considerable "practical sense," when his own interests are concerned, if his manners are not particularly elegant.

GEN. FREMONT.—The Joint Special Committee on the Conduct of the War have requested the President to restore Gen. John C. Fremont to a command befitting his rank and abilities.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY.—That branch of this well known musical family which recently sang at the White House, in Alexandria, and in several of the camps, is now on a visit to this city. Another branch is giving concerts in New York. The branch here, consisting of four persons, of the tribe of John—the other being the tribe of Asa—sing with a great deal of sweetness, and considerable power. We thought them very mild "incendiaries" indeed, and could not help laughing at the idea of little Viola's causing such alarm among certain of the heavily-bearded generals on the Potomac. By-the-way, Gen. Montgomery, at Alexandria, after hearing them sing, moved that the thanks of the audience be returned to them; and Gen. McClellan's friends in this city deny indignantly that he ordered their pass to be revoked. We guess it is true though.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

RECORD OF AN OBSCURE MAN. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

This book labors under the disadvantages common to all works of fiction which use their characters merely as vehicles to convey ideas and arguments upon a special subject to the world. This class of writings are, to use an old proverb,—vulgar as proverbs are apt to be,—"Neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring;" or, for a more classical illustration, they are like the bat in Esop's fable, exposed to double dangers in consequence of their hybrid character. As essays, we may criticise their facts; as stories, their fiction.

In the "Record of an Obscure Man," however, the fiction is "draw'd so mild," as honest John Browdie says, that we need not dwell upon that view of the work at all. The special subject which the characters are designed to illustrate,—not by their actions, but by their conversation,—is the consideration of the place to be taken by the natives of Africa, and by their American descendants in the scale of human races. The general judgment as to their place in this scale is asserted to set them far lower than they really deserve. The point is made, with much show of truth, that it is unfair to judge of the natives of Africa by the tribes on the coast, where they have been corrupted by the abominations of the slave trade, and by the vices which our boasted civilization always introduces in savage nations as its first fruits; as unfair as it would be to insist that the aborigines of America are truly represented by the besotted and drunken remnant that skulk through our western towns. Park, Clapperton, and Denham are quoted to testify to the hospitable and liberal kindness with which the first explorers of Africa were received by its people; and Laing, Robertson, and Bowditch are brought forward to disprove those authors who assert the savage brutality and cannibal propensities of these tribes.

Extracts are made from various writers to show that the habits and institutions of England, of France, and of the United States, allow of as severe criticism and as complete misrepresentation as those of Africa could receive. There is much that is true and reasonable in these statements and arguments. The mistake of the author is, that he proves too much. When he claims for the negro gentleness, unselfish devotion, and a nature unsoured by long years of oppression and adversity, all who know well this tropical plant that has struck its roots in our soil, can recall individual instances that go far to sustain the assertions made. When he claims for them high intellectual endowments and the gifts of oratory, music, and poetry, we must question the truth of opinions in support of which no examples can be brought forward. "Africa is a land of poets," says the author, "there is probably no feeling common to humanity that they have not consecrated in their verse." It is surely not unreasonable to require the proof upon which such an assertion is grounded.

If any one, judging by the character of a large class of European emigrants to be found among us, should insist that the Irish and German nations are stupid, uninformed, and uneducated, Ireland and Germany can point to their array of orators, poets, and philosophers, and their traducer is silenced. Thomas Aalie, of England, visiting the United States in 1805, and despising the intellectual paucity of the young Republic, may exclaim. "Man is the only growth that dwindles here," but our dwindling may safely be left without further disproof than facts can offer. Facts, indeed, are the only basis that can establish a national character, and whatever may be the future hopes of Africa, we must allow that her intellectual wealth remains to be accumulated.

TRAGEDY OF ERRORS. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

This is the first of a series of works which are promised, and partly introduced, by the author's previous work, "The Record of an Obscure Man." It is cast in the dramatic form, but not calculated for scenic representation. The plot has considerable dramatic capability, but is too much involved with conflicting and unexplained incidents, and is not rounded and completed at the close of the drama.

The scene is laid in a Southern plantation, and the point upon which the tragedy turns is the substitution, by a white slave woman, of her own child for the legitimate heiress of the estate, both infants being children of the same father. This plot is further complicated by the discovery that the slave mother is not of negro lineage, but was kidnapped in childhood from white parents. The dramatis personæ include all the denizens of the plantation, nearly all having their little history brought in.

The chief fault to be found with the execution of this work, is one that seems inseparable, from the fact that all the conversation is conducted in blank verse of orthodox regularity; the language is often beautiful—sometimes striking; but the portraitures are quite wanting in racy life-likeness and individuality.

The negro holiday is especially a failure. The grotesque merriment and roystering fun that characterize such occasions is quite lacking. The merry-makers converse too much like sentimental Arcadians; the singers improvise pretty stanzas about

"Joyful sunshine, mournful shade,
Dark abyss, and open glade,
Glaring sand plain, forest dim,
Gentle hill slope, rock-cliff grim," &c. &c.;

and even the preacher exhorts in strains of polished and refined eloquence: though Ezekiel's account of Dives and Lazarus, with the comments of his audience, is perhaps the best thing in the book.

In spite of the drawbacks mentioned, the book has merits, and enough interest to well repay the reader for its perusal.

NEWS ITEMS.

SEVEN ships and several steamers are loading with troops and stores, at Boston, for the Butler expedition, and will sail this week. Butler's division will consist of about 10,000 men.

THE army destined to attack Gen. Price's rebel force is steadily gathering at Lebanon. Price's army is eight miles north of Springfield, preparing for battle.

ADVICES from the south-west bring the news of a split among the Cherokees, in which the Indian chief McIntosh, with the rebel portion, attacked the friendly Indians, but was repulsed with great loss. McIntosh was slain.

LETTERS from our Consul, or commercial agent now, at Hayti, under date of January, says that President Jeffards will send a white Minister here, if they are recognized, as no colored one of any standing will come, and put up with the inferior social position he would necessarily occupy.

AN Englishman recently arrived at Washington, as bearer of dispatches to Lord Lyons, from Richmond. He had a conversation with Jeff. Davis before he left. Jeff. is building all his hopes of success in a recognition by England and France. He will state in his message, on Feb 22d, that he has assurances direct that they will be recognized by the 4th of March next.

IN a few days the Interior Department will deliver cotton seeds to those in the middle states who desire to make the experiment of raising cotton.

LAST Tuesday night a drunken soldier, who had been committed to that abominable place, the slave pen at Alexandria, *was frozen to death.*

SECRETARY CHASE gave a brilliant party at Washington, on the 7th. The Hutchinson Family were present and gave some of their beautiful songs. The song for which the singers were expelled from the camps was warmly applauded and encored. Among the personages present were Carl Schurz, Senator Howe and lady, ex-Governor Boutwell, Mrs. Gen. McDowell, and Mrs. Gov. Andrew.

BRITISH FRIENDLY OPINION.—One of the "most fearless and popular of the friendly British statesmen" writes to a gentleman at Washington as follows:—"Everything done with you which shows power by land or sea; every new point occupied; every move in the direction of freedom to the slave, upon the basis of compensation to the loyal owners, tells here powerfully—makes it less possible for our government to deal treacherously with you, and to inflict any blow upon you."

THE War Department has received a dispatch that Gen. Lander now occupies Romney, the rebels having retreated.

LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS, January 7.—The lower House of the Kansas Legislature, by a vote of 60 yeas to 7 nays, to-day passed a resolution requesting the President to appoint Lane a Major General, and give him the command of the Southern expedition.

BALL'S BLUFF.—The rebel official report of the battle of Ball's Bluff has just been published. Gen. Evans states that to oppose the Federal troops he had only seventeen hundred and nine men, of whom thirty-six were killed and eighty-six wounded. He says he captured seven hundred and ten prisoners, fifteen hundred stand of arms, three pieces of cannon, and one stand of colors, together with ammunition, cartridges, &c. He states the Federal loss to be 800 killed.

SEVERAL Senators are now engaged in maturing legislation, by which those States which have set themselves in rebellion against the General Government will be deprived of the governments which have acted in defiance of the Constitution, and be reorganized as Territories, that the provisions of the Constitution may be fully and lawfully carried into effect.

MR. DAYTON, our Minister to France, has written a long despatch to Secretary Seward, showing his inability to decide what Americans are entitled to be "presented at the Imperial Court, Louis Napoleon having refused to receive all who desire to make his personal acquaintance." Secretary Seward has replied, and the Senate has asked for the correspondence, to publish it.

IT is said that the Senate will confirm Army Paymasters only as Lieutenants of Cavalry, and not as Majors, which will reduce the pay one-half.

HON. EMERSON ETHERIDGE, Clerk of the House, has received letters from Tennessee, announcing the discouragement of the Secessionists now holding that State in bondage. Wealthy families are fleeing, taking their slaves with them, and it is hoped that Gen. Thomas will occupy Nashville before Washington's birthday. The letters were sent to Gen. McClellan, for his information.

RIOT IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—From Richmond papers we learn that a serious disturbance broke out in Richmond, on Tuesday night last, which for a time threatened disastrous consequences to life and property.

It is said to have first commenced in a drunken brawl. At this a crowd collected, and soon grew to formidable proportions. Three or four persons are said to have been killed, of whom were some of the police.

Houses, stores, &c., were broken open and ransacked, and it seemed impossible to check the violent proceedings until late the following morning, when many engaged in the mob retired of their own accord.

The Dispatch, speaking of this affair, calls it a disgrace to the city, and shameful in the extreme. It calls for the city to be instantly placed under martial law. The citizens (women especially) were greatly alarmed.

BEAUREGARD'S REPORT.—The report of the "Battle of Manassas," as Beauregard calls the battle of Bull Run, has, after a delay of nearly seven months, been published. It is a paper of great length, and gives a detailed account of the various phases of the battle. According to this report the effective force of Beauregard, on the morning of July 21st, amounted to 21,833 men and twenty nine guns, to which must be added the "army of the Shenandoah," under Gen. Johnston.

Of this army, the report says 8,834 men were on the ground during the battle, thus making a total of 30,667 men at Beauregard's command, of whom all except 1,500 were engaged. In General McDowell's report of the battle, it appears that no more than 18,000 or 19,000 of our troops were really engaged with the enemy, the bulk of our army remaining out of action.

GLORIOUS VICTORY IN TENNESSEE.

FORT HENRY CAPTURED—GEN. TILGHMAN AND STAFF TAKEN PRISONERS.

Secretary Welles has received the following dispatch:

UNITED STATES FLAG-SHIP CINCINNATI,
OFF FORT HENRY, TENNESSEE RIVER,
February 6, 1862

The gunboats under my command, the Essex, Commander Porter; the Carondolet, Commander Walker; the Cincinnati, Commander Stembel; the St. Louis, Lieut. Commanding Paulding; the Conestoga, Lieut. Commanding Phelps; the Taylor, Lieut. Commanding Gwinn; and the Lexington, Lieut. Commanding Shirk, after a severe and rapid fire of one hour and a quarter, have captured Fort Henry, and have taken Gen. Lloyd Tilghman and his staff, with sixty men, as prisoners.

The surrender to the gunboats was unconditional, as we kept an open fire upon them until their flag was struck.

In half an hour after the surrender, I handed the fort and prisoners over to Gen. Grant, commanding the army, on his arrival at the fort in force.

The gunboat Essex had a shot in her boilers, and, after fighting most effectually for two-thirds of the action, was obliged to drop down the river, as I hear several of her men were scalded to death, including the two pilots. She, with the other gunboats, officers, and men, fought with the greatest gallantry.

The Cincinnati received thirty-one shots, and had one man killed and eight wounded, including two seriously.

The fort, with twenty guns and seventeen mortars, was defended by Gen. Tilghman with the most determined gallantry.

I will write as soon as possible.

I have sent Lieut. Commanding Phelps and three gunboats after the rebel gunboats.

A. H. FOOTE, Flag Officer.

FULL PARTICULARS.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 7.—The Cairo correspondence of the Gazette and Commercial, of this city, gives the following account of the bombardment and capture of Fort Henry.

Yesterday, at 12.30 P. M., the gunboats Cincinnati, St. Louis, Carondolet, and Essex—the Tyler, Conestoga, and Lexington bringing up the rear. Advancing boldly against the rebel works, going to the right of Painter Creek Island, immediately above which, on the east shore of the river, stand the fortifications, keeping out of range till at the head of the island, and within a mile of the enemy, and passing the island in full view of the rebel guns, we steadily advanced. Every man was at his quarters, and every ear was strained to watch the flag-officer's signal-gun for the commencement of the action.

Our line of battle was on the left, St. Louis; next the Carondolet; next the Cincinnati, (for the time being the flag ship, and having on board Flag-officer A. H. Foote;) and next the Essex.

We advanced in line, the Cincinnati a boat's length ahead, when at 12.30 the Cincinnati opened the ball, and immediately the three accompanying boats followed suit.

The enemy were not backward, but gave an admirable response.

The fight raged fiercely for a half hour. We steadily advanced, receiving and returning storms of shot and shell, when getting within three hundred yards of the enemy's works, we came to a stand, and poured into them right and left.

In the meantime, the Essex had been disabled, and drifted away from the scene of action, leaving the Cincinnati, Carondolet, and St. Louis alone engaged.

At precisely forty minutes past one o'clock the enemy struck his colors, and such cheering—such wild excitement as seized the throats, arms, and caps of the four or five hundred sailors of the gunboats can be imagined.

After the surrender, which was made to Flag-officer Foote, by Gen. Lloyd Tilghman, who defended his fort in the most determined manner, we found that the rebel infantry, who were encamped outside the fort, and numbered 4,000 or 5,000, had cut and run, leaving the rebel artillery company in command of the fort.

The fort mounted seventeen guns, mostly thirty-two and thirty-four-pounders, including a magnificent ten-inch columbiad.

Our shots dismounted two of their guns, driving the enemy into the embrasures.

One of their rifle thirty-two pounders burst during the engagement, wounding one of their gunners.

The rebels claim to have had but eleven effective guns, worked by fifty-four men—being the number, all told, of our prisoners. They lost five killed, and ten badly wounded.

The infantry left everything in their flight, and a vast deal of plunder has fallen into our hands, including a large and valuable quantity of ordnance stores.

General Tilghman is disheartened. He thinks the disaster is one of the most damaging blows of the war. In surrendering to Flag-officer Foote, the rebel general remarked—"I am glad to surrender to so gallant an officer."

Flag-officer Foote replied—"You do perfectly right, sir, in surrendering; but you should have blown my boats out of water before I would have surrendered to you."

In the engagement the Cincinnati was in the lead, and the flag officer's flying pennant was the chief mark. Flag Officer Foote and Capt. Stemble crowded her defiantly into the teeth of the enemy's guns. She received thirty-one shots, some of them going completely through her.

The Essex was badly crippled. When about half through the fight and while crowding steadily against the enemy, a ball went into her port side on the forward port, passing through the heavy bulkhead, and squarely through one of her boilers. The escaping steam scalded and killed several of the crew.

Captain Porter, his aid, S. P. Britton, Jr., and Paymaster Lewis, were standing in the direct line of the ball's passage, Britton being in the centre of the group. The shot struck Britton on the top of his head, scattering his brains in every direction. The escaping steam poured into the pilot house, and instantly killed Messrs. Ford and Bride, the pilots. Many of the soldiers, at the rush of the steam, jumped overboard, and were drowned. The Essex did good service before she was disabled, her guns being skilfully handled by her gunner, Matt. Snyder, of Philadelphia. She had six seamen killed, two officers, and seventeen men, and five missing.

The Cincinnati had one killed and six wounded. There were no casualties on the St. Louis or Carondolet, though the shot and shell fell upon them like rain.

The St. Louis was commanded by Captain Leonard Paulding, who stood upon the gunboat and fought the guns to the last. Not a man flinched, and with cheer upon cheer they sent shot and shell among the enemy.

HOT PURSUIT OF THE FLYING REBELS—REPORTED TREACHERY AMONG THEM.—PADUCAH, Ky., Feb. 7.—Gen. Smith on the west and Gen. Grant on the east side of the river, are pursuing the retreating rebels.

It is reported, and credited by some of our officers, that the rebel troops from Fort Henry were not true to the rebel cause, but took advantage of the opportunity offered by the attack to run away from a fight that was distasteful to them.

FORT DONALDSON TO BE ATTACKED.

LOUISVILLE, Feb. 7.—A dispatch from Gen. Halleck to Gen. Buell, this evening, says:—

"We have taken Fort Henry. The enemy has retreatd on Paris, leaving a part of his guns. Our cavalry are in pursuit of him.

"Gen. Grant will attack Fort Donaldson to-morrow."

LOUISVILLE, Feb. 7.—Three large steamers—the Ben. J. Adams, E. H. Fairchild, and Baltic, left here for the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, this evening.

All is quiet along the line of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad.

SLAVERY IN DELAWARE.—A bill is to be introduced into the Legislature of Delaware to abolish slavery in that state. By this bill it is provided that all slaves over 35 years of age shall be freed within ninety days after it becomes law; all under 35 shall become free on reaching that age; all males born after the bill becomes law are to be slaves till they are 21, and females till they are 18; and all slavery is to cease after Jan. 1, 1872. These provisions are made conditional upon this, that "Congress will, at its present session, engage to pay to the state of Delaware, in bonds of the United States, bearing interest at the rate of six per centum per annum, the sum of $900,000, in ten annual instalments, $90,000 to be payable on some day before the first day of September, 1862, to establish a fund for securing full and fair compensation to the owners of slaves who shall have been divested of their property by force of the act in question."

Delaware has, according to the census of 1860, 1,805 slaves, and the sum asked of Congress for their gradual emancipation amounts to $500 a head, which is a fair price. The Wilmington Republican says that many of the largest slaveholders are in favor of this bill, and that "many of the slaveholders would gladly exchange their slaves for money, which they could use in payment for their lands and contemplated improvements."

A SCENE IN THE VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE.—The Richmond Examiner, of Jan. 23d, says a scene of indecency, drunken or sober, occurred in the House of Delegates yesterday, while that body was occupied with the question of the election of Confederate Senators, mortifying to the hundreds who witnessed it.

In the midst of the debate John Letcher, Gov. of Virginia, came into the Legislative chamber drunk, and sat on the steps leading to the Speaker's chair for the full space of half an hour, with a cigar in his mouth, making himself a spectacle for the whole House and a butt for the jokes of the gallery.

CAVALRY FOR PORT ROYAL.—Three battalions of cavalry are on their way to Port Royal, having embarked, one from Annapolis, the two others, a day or two since, in five steamers, from New York.

☞ An individual of some acquirements, but, as it would appear, rather of a pecuniary than of a literary character, lately called at the house of a clergyman with whom he wished to have some conversation. He was shown into a room, whilst the servant went in search of his master. Upon the master of the house entering the room, he found his visitor deeply engaged in the perusal of "Adam's Private Thoughts." "I trust," said the visitor, "that you will excuse the liberty I have taken in looking into one of your books, sir; but really, the absorbing nature of the subject must be my apology; it is, sir, so very interesting to know what were the private thoughts of our first parent."

☞ No nation has ever existed which punished rebellion with more severity than England. The dungeons of the Tower; the fleshless and grinning skulls which of old formed the appropriate ornaments of Temple Bar; the bloody assizes of Jeffries; the ravages of Claverhouse; the massacres of Drogheda and Glencoe; the Indian tomahawk and scalping knife employed in our war of the Revolution; the victims of the Old Jersey prison-ship; the Hindoo rebels, whose living bodies were tied to the muzzles of cannon, and blown into the air—all bear witness to the murderous spirit with which England visits rebellion against her authority.

☞ A runaway volunteer, arrested at Chester, N. H., was permitted to get married, but to make all safe, one of his hands was handcuffed to one of the lady's hands when they retired at night! In the morning the bracelet was taken off, and the prisoner taken to his regiment.

☞ The Prince Imperial of France, though only five years and a half old, already speaks three foreign languages—English, German, and Italian.

☞ Great Britain supplies five times more recruits to the ranks of Mormonism than all the rest of the world, excepting Denmark.

☞ Many writers of verse seem to think that the art of poetry consists in pinning butterflies on blotting paper.

☞ Serious thoughts are folded up, chested, and unlooked at; lighter, like dust, settle all about the chamber.

☞ A Saxon princess, who refused the hand of the first Napoleon, is now living at Dresden. She is over eighty years old, and never married. She has two sisters over sixty years old, who have also refused offers from dukes innumerable, and are still leading lives of nunlike celibacy.

☞ We once knew a boy who said he liked "a good rainy day—too rainy to go to school, and just rainy enough to go fishing."

☞ At a "ministers' meeting" just after the great meteoric shower, the question came up as to its cause. One suggested one thing, and another something different. At last Professor Bush said that he could not imagine how so many bright things could be flashing around, unless it had happened that *Dr. Cox's brain had broken loose.*

☞ No doubt it is a common prayer of lovers about to go down at sea, that they may drown in each other's arms, and be eaten by the same fish.

☞ A waggish spendthrift recently said: "Five years ago I was not worth a penny in the world; now see where I am through my exertions!" "Well, where are you?" "Why, I owe more than 30,000 dollars.

☞ EQUALITY.—So far is it from being true that men are naturally equal, no two people can be half an hour together, but one shall acquire an evident superiority over the other.—*Dr. Johnson.*

LATEST NEWS.

TENNESSEE.

FORWARD MOVEMENT OF GEN. THOMAS'S DIVISION.—Cincinnati, Feb 9.—A special Indianapolis despatch to the Commercial says that Gen. Thomas's division is said to have made a forward movement, and will invade East Tennessee simultaneously at three different points. Gen Carter goes through Cumberland gap, Gen. Schoepff by the central route, and Gen. Thomas, with Manson's and McCook's brigades, will cross at Mill Spring. They will advance immediately on Knoxville, where they design taking possession of the railroad, and cutting off the rebel supplies and their communication with the rebel government.

There were but 8 guns captured by Dickey's cavalry and Col. Logan, instead of 14. Nearly all the guns were spiked with telegraph wire, which can be easily removed. They are brass 6-pounders, and in good order.

Yesterday, the Carondolet, in charge of Colonels Webster, Rigdon, and McPherson, of Gen. Grant's staff, made a reconnoissance as far as the bridge of the Memphis and Clarksville railroad at Danville. They found that quarters had been built at the bridge, and occupied by some troops. They also found large army supplies, commissary stores, wagons, &c. The inhabitants were deserting dwellings for miles around, and fleeing in every direction. The bridge at Danville was partially destroyed by the first gunboat which went up the river. Another of the piers was so crippled so as to prevent the passage of trains.

The property captured at Fort Henry and vicinity is valued at $1,000,000.

Reconnoissances have been made by Col. Logan and others, to within a mile of Fort Donelson.

OUR army is moving forward steadily to attack Price in Missouri, who is prepared for a battle, having received large reinforcements. Our troops have captured twenty-seven prisoners, including five captains. Nine hundred rebel prisoners have been sent to Alton from Missouri.

THE OCCUPATION OF ROMNEY, VA.—FLIGHT OF THE REBELS BEFORE GENERAL LANDER.—Further information has been received from Gen. Lander, by which it appears that, having been reinforced, he marched, on Thursday, at the head of between seven and eight thousand troops, upon the enemy at Romney. The rebel forces were about equal to his own. They declined fighting, however, and retreated across the river, destroying the wire bridge in their rear and running off, probably to Winchester. As heretofore stated, Gen. Lander is now in possession of Romney.

THE rumor of an intended intervention of France in our affairs is contradicted at the State Department, and, it is said, on high authority.

FORTRESS MONROE, Feb. 7, via Baltimore, Feb. 8.—The steamer Eastern State has arrived here this morning, having left Hatteras yesterday. She brings the important news that General Burnside's fleet left their anchorage at the Inlet on Wednesday morning, for the north. The gunboats started at sunrise, and the ships and troops followed soon after. Their destination was Roanoke Island.

THE REBELS ACKNOWLEDGE THEIR DEFEAT IN TENNESSEE—THE BRIDGE AT DANVILLE DESTROYED BY THE YANKEES—THE BOMBARDMENT OF ROANOKE ISLAND IN PROGRESS—400 UNION PRISONERS TO BE EXCHANGED.

FORTRESS MONROE, Feb. 8, via BALTIMORE.—Southern papers, received by the flag of truce, furnish the following:

A despatch from Clarksville, Tennessee, says that Fort Henry has fallen into the hands of the Federals. Our troops are retreating to Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland river.

The Federal gunboats are at Danville, Tennessee, and the bridge at that place has been destroyed by the Yankees.

A dispatch from Roanoke Island states that the Federals had advanced to Roanoke Island, and been twice repulsed. The attack commenced at seven o'clock on Friday morning, and the fight was still going on at the latest advices.

Four hundred and ninety Union prisoners have left New Orleans to be exchanged.

The Charleston Courier's New Orleans correspondence reports the burning of the rebel steamer Calhoun.

CONSTERNATION AT NORFOLK—ROANOKE ISLAND SUPPOSED TO BE CAPTURED—BRIG. GEN. STONE AND DR. IVES REPORTED ARRESTED.—Baltimore, Feb. 10.—The Baltimore Clipper has a dispatch or news obtained from a lady and gentleman, who left Norfolk on Sunday morning, saying that the greatest consternation prevailed there and at Portsmouth through all Saturday.

The citizens are greatly alarmed, for Burnside's expedition had been entirely successful. The most of the troops in and around Norfolk and Portsmouth had gone to Elizabeth city.

Gentlemen who left Old Point last evening, inform me that the general impression prevailed that Burnside had taken Roanoke Island on Saturday, sinking several rebel gunboats.

About noon on Saturday, dispatches was received in Norfolk, which caused great depression of spirits among the rebels, but they suppressed the dispatches. These dispatches are believed to announce the defeat of the rebels.

The National Intelligencer of to-day confirms the report of the arrest of Brigadier General Stone, of U. S. Army, on Saturday night, at his dwelling, and states that he was sent last night to Fort Warren.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10—Doctor Ives, the prominent Washington correspondent of the New York Herald, it is reported, was arrested in this city last night, and sent on to Baltimore, to be delivered to the Baltimore police.

FROM EUROPE.

HALIFAX, Feb. 10.—The steamship America has arrived, with Liverpool dates to the 25th ult., and by telegraph to the 26th.

Breadstuffs are dull, with a downward tendency.

LONDON, Jan. 25.—Consols 92¼a92¾.

LONDON, Jan. 26.—There are vague rumors that the Emperor Napoleon has notified the British government that he will shortly officially demand its joint action in raising the blockade of the Southern ports of the United States; and if this co-operation is refused, that he will proceed to take the initiative step alone.

THE London Times continues to urge England not to interfere with the American difficulties, saying the nation can afford to wait for the result, which cannot be far distant.

☞ It is an observation of a great poet, that, let a man live as long as he will, the first thirty years of his life will always seem the longest; and the daily routine of our after years passes like the round of a clock, while the hands on the outside and the movements within mark the passing of time to others, without a consciousness thereof in itself, till the weight has run down, and the pendulum stands still.

☞ It has been truly observed that "Men sacrifice others, women themselves."

OUR BANNER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ANNIE E. HIGBY.

Down the far vale where the sunlight is lying,
All o'er the broad fields like a golden veil,
Is the Star-Spangled Banner defiantly flying,
Fair Columbia's standard, unfurled to the gale.
On the wide ocean, when foemen assemble,
Freemen will hurry no foe can withstand;
Let Liberty's enemies falter and tremble,
That banner will triumph on ocean and land.
The Star-Spangled Banner,
The old Union Banner,
Forever will triumph on ocean and land.

Woe to the tyrant who seeks its destruction,
Beautiful emblem, the flag of the free;
Our vengeance shall follow as swift retribution,
To all who assail it on land or on sea.
Brave sons of freedom will rally beneath it,
Strong-armed and true-hearted, a conquering band:
Freedom and justice cling hopefully round it,
Our banner will triumph on ocean and land.
The Star-Spangled Banner,
The old Union Banner,
Forever will triumph on ocean and land.

LADY TRENT'S PICTURE.

Stern Roman nose, and high white forehead, with beautiful soft hair, which showed no symptoms of grayness or decay. Yes, it would have made a fine picture, had it ever been finished. You want to know why it was not; well, be patient with me, and I will tell you all about it.

I was butler to the late Sir Frederic, and from causes and reasons which it does not matter about detailing, I was very much in my lady's confidence, as I had been in her husband's. I say this that you may not question how or why such and such things came to my knowledge; my lady being pleased to make of me more a counsellor and friend, than a superannuated servant. I meant to begin my story at Christmas, but I must just go back a month to the first mention of the picture. I remember it well. The young baronet—that is, the present Sir Frederic—was about to leave home for a month, to return on Christmas-eve; and they were sitting together, just before parting, himself, his mother, and a young lady, who had been with my lady about a year as a sort of companion; for Sir Frederic was often away, and my lady disliked solitude.

They were talking about a fashionable artist who was then in the neighborhood.

"He has taken the Honorable Miss Courtenay," said my lady, "and everybody considers it a splendid portrait. She is very beautiful."

"Haughty, rather," said Sir Frederic indifferently. "But now I think of it, you should have had yours taken, mother. Why don't you?"

My lady frowned a little at his indifference to the name she had mentioned, but then a pleased smile stole over her face as it turned to her son.

"Do you wish for an old woman's likeness, Frederic?"

"Certainly, if you mean yourself. But it is a libel to call yourself an old woman."

Then the Baronet wished them good-bye; a reminder from his mother following him that he must on no account delay his return, as there was to be a grand party on Christmas-eve to celebrate it.

A half-smile was on Sir Frederic's lips, and he turned and looked into the room again, as though to say some additional parting words to Miss Prescott, his mother's companion, but her head was bent steadily over her work, and she never stirred.

Some time after that, I knew that the fashionable artist was coming to take my lady's portrait.

"I wished to have it finished before Sir Frederic returns," said my lady; "but the gentleman is so much engaged that I suppose it will be impossible. My dear"—to Miss Prescott—"you will read to me during the sittings, that I may forget what is going on. People never look lifelike when they know they are being perpetuated."

The picture was begun, and the voice of the young companion might have charmed the painter as well as his sitter into forgetfulness, to judge from the slow progress he made; but they tell me that is always the way with a great genius.

The month passed away, and all was bustle and preparation. You think it cold now, perhaps, but one such winter as that was is enough in a person's lifetime. The robins were dead about the hedgerows, and thrushes and blackbirds lay cold in the pathways, with their little claws sticking up, as though in mute deprecation of the bitter snow which fell upon them. But, in spite of the cold, no hands were busier among the laurels and Christmas roses than the hands of Annie Prescott. I like to think of her as she was then, and fancy, as I can sometimes, that the last few years are all a dream of my worn-out old brain. There was a gladness about her always, orphan though she was, and friendless; perhaps it was that she knew of a Friend whom none trust in vain—I don't know; I only know that if she had been a Trent born I could not have loved her better than I did. But at this time there was a greater charm about her even than usual—a softened grace, a sort of hush of expectation, and an unusual tenderness towards Lady Trent; and my lady, in her rare gentle moods, was wont to stroke her hair, and call her "my child," and "my dear little girl" and say she should be lost without her.

My lady might have been more prudent, but in her great pride and absorption in her own plans, it never entered her head that anything could mar them.

I wish I could give you an idea of the decorations for that party, but I cannot, and nothing is worse than a weak description. The rooms were thrown open, blazing with light; the chandeliers laughed upon the wreaths of holly and the beautiful flowers; the musicians were assembled, and had begun a little toying with their instruments; and yet Sir Frederic was not come; at least no one thought he was; but as I watched my lady pass down the rooms into a conservatory, which formed a sort of finish to the prospect, a man's step came quickly behind me, and Sir Frederic held out his hand, as he always did, to greet me.

"Where is—"

I did not wait for him to finish, but pointed to the conservatory, telling him my lady was there.

"Oh—my mother," said Sir Frederic, looking round vacantly. Then he recollected himself. "Is there, is she?"

And he marched off towards the conservatory. I saw him come out with my lady on his arm, looking as proud as Juno, and never noticing her son's rather absent manner and slow step. The latter quickened, however, suddenly as Lady Trent called out—

"Annie, child, where are you hiding? Come, and speak to Sir Frederic."

And Miss Prescott came forward from her corner. I have said before that I am not apt at description, so I shall only say of Miss Prescott that I have never seen any one or anything so beautiful as she was that night in her simple dress, with the holly-berries glancing in her hair. I was not surprised that my lady stopped short and surveyed her with a look that had certainly more surprise than pleasure in it; nor did I wonder at the glow which came over Sir Frederic's face as he held her hand for a moment.

"Umph!" said my lady, shortly. "That will do, child. Is any one come? You had better see if you can be of use."

By-and-by, the rooms began to fill. I ought perhaps to define my position in Lady Trent's establishment, but I hardly know how. I was not butler any longer; my lady generally liked me to be near her, and to take her orders, and also to listen to her outbursts of anger or pride, when anything annoyed her; nay, she liked even to ask my advice too, though, of course, she never followed it.

I was near my lady when the Honorable Miss Courtenay and her brother were announced, and seeing the sparkle in her eye as she went forward to receive them, it came over me like a flash of light, that there was a plan in Lady Trent's busy brain which would fail, and bring trouble over the house.

Sir Frederic also was occupied among the guests, and his mother's eye passed from Miss Courtenay to him proudly. Well, he was a son to be proud of, but not with such a pride as hers. He was young, only wanting a few weeks of his majority, and handsome, as all the Trents were. But as I looked from one to the other, I saw in his straight, black brows and resolute mouth that if his wishes clashed with those of his mother, she would find that he was a Trent in disposition as well as in feature, and no baby to be coerced into doing her will.

I am not going to give a history of the party; it seemed to me that all went merry as a marriage-bell, but my old eyes ached with the light, and the dazzling dresses, and movements of the dancers. Sir Frederic had been dancing with Miss Courtenay, and they came up together to Lady Trent, laughing.

"We have been talking about your great lion, the artist, mother. Miss Courtenay has fallen in love with something he calls his painting-blouse, and wants all mankind to adopt the costume."

"I merely made the remark that it was foreign-looking and becoming," said Miss Courtenay, turning round to favor me with a look of scornful amazement. I daresay she did wonder at my impertinence in venturing to stand where I might breathe the same air as she did.

"It put me in mind, however," said Sir Frederic, "of my picture—yours, I mean—that is, the one you promised me; so I came to ask how it advances. Is it finished?"

"Not quite. They tell me that three or four more sittings will be necessary."

The Baronet made a grimace. "I wanted to judge of the lion's style. May one look at it?"

"No, no," said Miss Courtenay. "You should never look at ——'s pictures in an unfinished state. Have patience. If you really want to judge of the style, you can see mine."

They passed on; and my lady, turning to me, saw that I was watching them, as she was. Her thoughts would not be restrained, but came out exultingly: "A handsome couple, Radford."

I bit my lips, and made a venture. I hardly know why I did it, knowing that I should do no good; but it grieved me to see my lady settling in her own mind a thing which I felt would never come to pass. "Yes," I said, deferentially; "but not equally matched—not suited to each other."

"Why not?" asked my lady, sharply.

"I cannot pretend to judge," I said, with great meekness; "but it seems to me that a haughty wife would never do for Sir Frederic. Something gentler and quieter—"

"Silence," cried my lady, still more sharply. "You know nothing about it, James Radford."

And I was silent. But I did know something about it, for all that; and I knew also why my lady's eyes followed her son's movements so anxiously, and why there had come upon her suddenly a nervous disquiet, which she tried to shake off, and could not. She was thinking if—there was hardly a possibility—but if he *should* disappoint her in that matter.

I was thinking of this also in a dreamy sort of way, when, by the merest chance, having been on an errand for my lady, I found myself entangled in a curtain which had hidden one part of the conservatory. As my arm pushed it aside, I saw two figures within, and I knew at once instinctively who they were. A white little hand, which had been perhaps resting on Sir Frederic's arm, was clasped closely in his fingers, and he was drawing it nearer to him, as though he would never let it go again; and his head was bent to look down into the face, which I could scarcely see for the leaves of a great orange plant—I knew whose it was, though—and I heard him say: "My darling, to-morrow I will tell her. Have no fears; she cannot help loving you."

All this has taken longer to write than it did to happen. I dropped the curtain, but as I did so, my eyes met the eyes of a face opposite—outside the conservatory, but looking in.

It was a ghastly face; it was distorted with passion; the very skin seemed stretched tight over the cheek-bones, and the eyes shone like the eyes of a tigress.

It was my Lady Trent. And I shuddered, thinking to myself Sir Frederic's words: "She cannot help loving you." I knew how much love there was in that watcher's heart for one who had dared to thwart her. For the rest of that night, there was a glamour over Sir Frederic's eyes, and he saw no alteration in his mother's manner, if, indeed, there was one; but when the festivities were over, and the guests all gone, she bade her son good-night, or rather good-morning, at once, carrying Annie Prescott away with her. The Baronet suppressed an exclamation of annoyance; it was useless to be impatient, and to-morrow would settle all.

Lady Trent was not down stairs early the next morning, but she was first in the breakfast-room, and had waited patiently a full hour before Sir Frederic joined her, uttering an excuse for his laziness. His glance of inquiry round the room did not pass unnoticed, nor his look of discontent, and yet the cup in Lady Trent's hand was as steady as though she had not known that a struggle must come.

"I want to talk to you, Frederic," said my lady, in her calmest voice. "In a few weeks, you will be of age."

"Yes,"

"Thinking as I do," proceeded her ladyship slowly, "that it is absolutely necessary for a man of your rank and position to marry early, I have not heard without anxiety the gossip which rumor has from time to time set afloat respecting your attentions to different young ladies. I have, however, the greatest trust in you; and when the world took your name on its lips, and joined it to that of one every way worthy—I mean Miss Courtenay—"

"You are joking, mother!" burst out Sir Frederic. "Miss Courtenay would as soon marry the man in the moon."

My lady smiled—a wan, forced smile.

"You are modest, Frederic. Suppose I were able to assure you that Miss Courtenay thinks—"

"It doesn't make a spark of difference to me what she thinks, or does not think."

"You speak hastily, and without consideration. Recollect that a man in your position cannot always afford to follow up his romantic notions, and sacrifice the future to a piece of boyish folly. You owe it to yourself, and to the society in which your wife should be received, to choose one whom that society would be justified in receiving. In mentioning Miss Courtenay's evident preference for you, I cannot help seeing that in all the country round there is no one so fit—"

"To rule over a household of white niggers, and worry her husband into shooting himself."

"You are incoherent. I wish you would speak of this matter seriously, as one in which I am vitally interested."

"So I will," said Sir Frederic, again looking round discontentedly. "I am glad you have given me an opening. In fact, I—"

"You may as well begin your breakfast, Frederic," cried my lady, in a voice of unusual sharpness, for she wanted to stop his confession. "It is useless to wait for Miss Prescott."

"Why?"

"Because she is not coming."

"Not coming?"

"Not coming."

By this time, a little bright spot stood on each of my lady's cheeks, and her eyes were glistening. When Sir Frederic next spoke, he looked her full in the face, and she knew that she must answer him.

"Where *is* Miss Prescott?"

"She has left me, and has gone to her friends."

"What friends?"

"I do not know, and it does not matter. Miss Prescott, the poor companion, is and can be nothing to Sir Frederic Trent, that he should make such searching inquiry concerning her."

"Miss Prescott is a clergyman's daughter, and a lady. When did she go?"

"This morning."

Sir Frederic looked at the window. The snow-flakes were filling the air, and dropping silently on the white earth, and the branches drooped under their feathery burden. Not a muscle of the baronet's face moved, but it was a shade paler than usual, as he turned to the table and ate his breakfast silently.

Lady Trent was astonished. Could it be possible that she had mistaken her son, and he had simply been amusing himself with the little companion, since he took it so quietly? At any rate, she was emboldened to return to Miss Courtenay, and went rambling on about the duties of rank and position, and the probability of the Honorable George Courtenay dying unmarried, even if he survived the old lord, when of course a sister's son would be the next heir. But Sir Frederic was thinking of his darling out in the pitiless snow and bitter wind, and he heard not a word of what his mother was saying to him. He was thinking of the little soft hand he had held so tight in his own, never dreaming, alas! that this mother, who had always made him an idol, would now throw obstacles in the way of his wishes; he was thinking of the fair hair with the holly-berries in it—of the blue eyes that would not look up at him as he spoke—and of the little wife he had vowed to cherish and to love as his own soul for ever. Who was going to part them?

So he got up from the table quietly, with his face very pale, but his lips firm, and when he reached the door, he said, holding it open: "Mother, last night I promised to take Annie Prescott to my heart and home, as the dearest treasure earth holds for a man. Since you have turned her adrift, and will not tell me where she is gone, I am going to seek her, and I never mean to come back till she is found."

Sir Frederic had been away a fortnight—a weary fortnight. People talked about him, and wondered at his sudden journey; and those who came to call on my lady did not fail to express their wonder. But she bore it bravely, and put off the questions with cheerful commonplaces. You see she was not the woman to show how the fox's little teeth were pinching under her velvet boddice. The Signor Something—I forget his name—had called once, but my lady was not disposed to sit to him then; he must come again.

One morning, I was summoned to Lady Trent's presence earlier than usual; she was sitting at a writing-table with a letter before her, open, and another sealed and addressed. It was one of my lady's peculiarities that she never spoke to any one without looking them full and almost savagely in the face. In some measure, Sir Frederic had inherited the trick. She turned and faced me then as usual, but with her hands clasped together.

"I have kept no secrets from you, James Radford."

I bowed, believing her, but not knowing exactly what to say.

"I have received a letter from my son. He has found the—the person he went in search of. He— You can read it, as I wish you to take my answer."

I read the letter. It was one of mixed appeal and determination. I thought there were parts of it which ought to have softened a mother's heart, but I suppose they did not.

"The answer is here," said my lady, giving me the sealed letter, which was addressed to a hotel in Paris. "I knew that Miss Prescott was gone to France, to some distant relatives. How Sir Frederic discovered it, I do not know, neither does it matter. My answer to his letter is a solemn oath that if he persists in his folly and perpetrates this shameful marriage, I will never see his face again. I will keep my vow. In the meantime, Radford, instead of sending this letter by post, I wish you to take it, because there is a chance that the sight of you, and the memories you bear about with you, may bring the prodigal to a better mind. If you can do anything, you will only add still more to the gratitude which the Trents owe you."

I attempted no remonstrance, because I knew that it would be useless. I might have urged that I was old, and unfit for a long journey, but I knew what my lady would think of such an excuse. I said, however, merely: "I will go, but I shall not succeed."

My journey was interesting to myself, but would be so to no one else. It will be sufficient to say that I saw Sir Frederic, and gave him the letter. His face grew very pale as he read it; then he turned to me, with my lady's own look.

"Radford, tell my mother that I came of age yesterday, and was married this morning."

There was nothing to be done but to hurry home as fast as I could. And yet, when my journey was over, and I stood at the gate of the lime avenue, I lingered. The interlaced boughs overhead threw their shadows behind me and before me, and a sharp cast wind buffeted me, but I lingered because I dreaded the future. When I did go in at last, I found that my lady was giving a sitting to the fashionable artist. She sent for me, however, as soon as she heard of my arrival, and I went up, almost glad of the presence of a third person, to delay, as I thought, my tidings.

But I was mistaken. There was to be no delay, though she looked at me with eyes which expressed absolutely nothing.

"What news have you, James Radford?"

"Madam," I said, "I was too late."

My lady got up and went to look at the picture; she put up her eye-glass and examined it carefully.

"A pity it cannot be finished," she said; "but as I shall never look like that again, I will have nothing more done to it. Set it against the wall, Radford, and let it remain there as it is. Do you hear?"

And Lady Trent left the room, with a bow to the astonished artist. I would have followed to tell her Sir Frederic's message in full, but she stopped me.

"You will never speak to me on this subject again, Radford. See that the portrait-man is paid, and let him go."

Of course the news of Sir Frederic's marriage soon spread, and people came with a pretence of congratulating his mother, but in reality to see how she took it. My lady, however, escaped all that by giving out that she was too unwell to see any one.

And she had told the truth. She never was like herself afterwards. That searching look of hers became the glare of a wild animal, and she had fits of passion which terrified every unlucky servant who happened to be near her. Letters continued to come from Sir Frederic, and when they came she put them straight into the fire, unopened; and would sit with her chin on her hands, watching them curl up and burn with a savage satisfaction. At last she grew so bad that no one but myself dared to go near her, and as there seemed to be no one in authority, I wrote to Sir Frederic, telling him all particulars.

He answered my letter almost in person; that is to say, he sent a messenger on to bid me break his arrival as gently as I could to his mother. That was a pleasant task; but I knew no one else would do it if I shrank back. My news brought forth the most terrible fit of passion I had ever seen. My lady had taken an oath which she could not keep. She knew as well as I did that she could not forbid Sir Frederic his own house, and if she remained in it, she must see him. Suddenly she grew quiet, and came up to me.

"James Radford, you know I swore that I would never see my son again; and I never shall. Hush! Don't you talk to me. When will he be here?"

"I expect him every minute."

"I am going to my own room to rest. Let no one disturb me to-night at least."

We waited more than an hour anxiously. Several times I stood outside my lady's door, but she was quiet, and I really hoped there might be a change. Then I heard the gate of the avenue, and wheels. As they came rattling up the sweep, a noise in my lady's room, and then a succession of screams, most horrible and unearthly, filled my ears till I was stunned; then all was still. Servants came rushing to the spot, and my lady's maid among them, with scared looks and terrified gestures.

"You had better go in," I said.

But the door was locked, or bolted inside. I put my shoulder against it, and burst it open. My lady was lying on the floor, dead with a pool of blood about her. She had broken a blood-vessel.

Hardly knowing what I did, I went down to meet Sir Frederic. I suppose I must have looked the horror I felt, for he started back when he saw me, crying out: "For God's sake, what is it, Radford? My mother—"

I signed to him to be quiet, while his wife put her little hand in mine, and looked up at me wistfully. It was a sad home-coming for her, after all. I took her into the library, and made her sit down, promising to send my lady's maid, but knowing that I should not dare to do it, even if that young person had not been in a violent fit of hysterics up stairs. Then I told Sir Frederic. At first, he was like one mad, accusing himself of having killed his mother, and talking so wildly, that I was obliged to try to stop him.

"Sir Frederic, you did not kill her, but her own passion. Heaven have mercy upon her and us! Somebody must tell your wife.

Perhaps nothing else would have calmed him, but that did. I led him to the library-door. I saw Miss Annie—pardon, it is the last time; henceforth she is Lady Trent—sitting like a child where I had placed her, gazing into the fire; and tears were rolling down her cheeks as she gazed. I saw Sir Frederic go up and kneel beside her, putting his arm round hers tenderly; and I saw her dear face turn naturally to its rest on his shoulder. Then I shut the door quietly and went my way, for I knew that if there was any comfort for them on the earth, those two would find it in each other.

When I heard you say, "I wonder why that picture was never finished," that weary time came up vividly before me, and I have told the story.

SHE SITS ALONE.

She sits alone, with folded hands,
While from her full and lustrous eyes
Imperial light wakes love to life,—
Love that, unheeded, quickly dies.

She sits alone, among them all
So near, and yet so far, they seem
But our coarse waking thoughts, while she
Is the reflection of a dream.

She sits alone, so still, so calm,
So queenly in her grand repose,
You wish that love would slap her cheeks
And make the white a blush-red rose!

TOILET OF AN ARAB BRIDE.

An English lady has given some accounts of life in the Eastern harems. Here is something about the toilet of a bride. On subsequent and persevering inquiry among Arab ladies, I found out how it was that the bride's face looked so lustrous. I learn that girls are prepared for marriage with a very great deal of ceremony. There are women who make the beautifying of brides their especial profession. A widow woman, named Angelina, is the chief *artiste* in this department of art in Haifa. She uses her scissors and tweezers freely and skillfully to remove superfluous hair, and trains the eyebrows to an arched line, perfecting it with black pigments. She prepares an adhesive plaster of very strong sweet gum, and applies it by degrees all over the body, letting it remain on for a minute or more; then she tears it off quickly, and brings away with it all the soft down or hair, leaving the skin quite bare, with an unnaturally bright and polished appearance, much admired by Orientals. The face requires very careful manipulation. When women have once submitted to this process they look frightful if, from time to time, they do not repeat it; for the hair never grows so soft and fine again. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why aged Arab women, who have quite given up all these arts of adornment, look so haggard and witch-like. In some instances this ordeal slightly irritates the skin, and perfumed sesame or olive oil is applied, or cooling lotions of elder flower water are used.

THE ADMIRAL'S FIST.—The late Admiral Cosby, of Stradbally Hall, had as large and as brown a fist as any admiral in his Majesty's service. Happening one day unfortunately to lay it on the table during dinner, at Colonel Fitzgerald's, Merrion-square, a Mr. Jenkins, a half-blind doctor, who chanced to sit next to the admiral, cast his eye upon the fist: the imperfection of his vision led him to believe it was a French roll of bread, and, without further ceremony, the doctor thrust his fork plump into the admiral's fist. The confusion which resulted may be easily imagined.

GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS.—When the news of the surrender of Gen. Cornwallis to Gen. Washington reached Stratford, it was on Sunday, and during the hours of worship. Word was immediately taken to the pulpit, where Parson Wetmore was engaged in delivering his discourse. Drawing himself up to his fullest height, and making known the intelligence, he said: "My friends, the house of God is no place for boisterous demonstrations; we will, therefore, in giving *three cheers*, only go through the motions."

☞ No man has a thorough taste of prosperity to whom adversity never happened.

THE THIRD WAVE.

BY EDMUND SANDERS.

Soft, light-crested, slow, murmuring on to the strand,
The first wave rolls in glory,
Telling a plaintive story,
Soft, light-crested, slow, murmuring on to the strand.

Full, light crested, slow, surging on to the strand,
Follows the second, in might,
Streaking the pebbles with white,
Full, light-crested, slow, surging on to the strand.

Grand, light-crested, slow, thundering on to the strand,
Heaved to a wonderful length,
The third wave dashes in strength,
Grand, light-crested, slow, thundering on to the strand.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS' CHILD-GARDEN.

In a thicket of wood, at the Port of Monteith, Scotland, you see the remains of a monastery of great beauty, the design and workmanship exquisite. You wander through the ruins, overgrown with ferns and Spanish filberts, and old fruit trees, and at the corner of the old monkish garden, you come upon one of the strangest and most touching sights you ever saw—an oval space of about 18 feet by 12, with the remains of a double row of boxwood all round, the plants of box being about fourteen feet high, and eight or nine inches in diameter, healthy, but plainly of great age.

What is this? It is called in the guide-books Queen Mary's Bower; but besides its being plainly not in the least a bower, what could the little Queen, then five years old, and "fancy free," do with a bower? It is plainly, as was, we believe, first suggested by our keen-sighted and diagnostic Professor of clinical surgery, *the Child-Queen's Garden*, with her little walk, and its rows of boxwood, left to themselves for three hundred years. Yes, without doubt, "here is that first garden of her simpleness." Fancy the little, lovely royal child, with her four Marys, her playfellows, her child maids of honor, with their little hands and feet, and their innocent and happy eyes, pattering about that garden all that time ago, laughing, and running, and gardening as only children do and can. As is well known, Mary was placed by her mother in this Isle of Rest before sailing from the Clyde for France. There is something "that tirls the heartstrings a' to the life" in standing and looking on this unmistakeable living relic of that strange and pathetic old time. Were we Mr. Tennyson, we would write an Idyll of that child Queen, in that garden of hers, eating her bread and honey—getting her teaching from the holy men, the monks of old, and running off in wild mirth to her garden and her flowers, all unconscious of the black, lowering thunder-cloud on Ben Lomond's shoulder.

"Oh, blessed vision! happy child!
Thou art so exquisitely wild;
I think of thee with many fears
Of what may be thy lot in future years.
I thought of times when Pain might be thy guest,
Lord of thy house and hospitality.
And Grief, uneasy lover! never rest
But when she sat within the touch of thee.
What hast thou to do with sorrow,
Or the injuries of to-morrow?"

You have ample time to linger there amid

"The gleams, the shadows, and the peace profound,"

and get your mind informed with quietness and beauty, and fed with thoughts of other years, and of her whose story, like Helen of Troy's, will continue to move the hearts of men as long as the gray hills stand round about that gentle lake, and are mirrored at evening in its depths.

There is another garden of Queen Mary's, which may still be seen, and which has been left to itself like that in the Isle of Rest. It is in the grounds at Chatsworth, and is moated, walled round, and raised about fifteen feet above the park. Here the Queen, when a prisoner under the charge of "Old Bess of Hardwake," was allowed to walk without any guard. How different the two! and how different she who took her pleasure in them!

Lines written on the steps of a small moated garden at Chatsworth, called

"QUEEN MARY'S BOWER.

"The moated bower is wild and drear,
And sad the dark yew's shade;
The flowers which bloom in silence here,
In silence also fade.

"The woodbine and the light wild rose
Float o'er the broken wall;
And here the mournful nightshade blows,
To note the garden's fall.

"Where once a princess wept her woes,
The bird of night complains;
And sighing trees the tale disclose
They learnt from Mary's strains." A. H.

A MAXIM FROM THE POPE.

One writes from Rome, among other pleasing things, that recently when a number of young ladies, led by their superior, went to pay their homage to the Holy Father, one of the company, when she had received the *blessing* of the Father of the Faithful, still lingered on her knees before the Pontiff. When asked why she did not arise, she answered—

"If I dared, I would prefer a request."

"Do not hesitate," said the Holy Father.

But still the young woman forbore.

"Ask freely," said the Pope, most encouragingly.

"Then," said the young woman, "if I may take such a liberty, I would ask from your Holiness some maxim by which all my life may be governed."

The Holy Father thought for a moment; and then laying his hand on her head, said,

"Perform every one of your future actions, my dear child, as if that action were to be the last of your life."

A COMMON STORY.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

"She loves with love that cannot tire;
And if—ah, woe—she loves alone,
Through passionate duty love flames higher,
As grass grows taller round a stone."
—*Country Pictures.*

So the truth's out. I'll grasp it like a snake—
It will not slay me. My heart shall not break
Awhile, if only for the children's sake;—

For his too, somewhat. Let him stand unblamed;
None say, he gave me less than honor claimed,
Except—one trifle scarcely worth being named—

The *heart*. That's gone. The corrupt dead might be
As easily raised up, breathing—fair to see—
As he could bring his whole heart back to me.

I never sought him in coquettish sport,
Or courted him as silly maidens court,
And wonder when the longed-for prize falls short.

I only loved him—any woman would:
But shut my love up till he came and sued,
Then poured it o'er his dry life like a flood.

I was so happy I could make him blest!
So happy that I was his first and best,
As he mine—when he took me to his breast.

Ah me! if only then he had been true!
If for one little year, a month or two,
He had given me love for love, as was my due!

For had he told me, ere the deed was done,
He only raised me in his heart's dear throne—
Poor substitute!—because the queen was gone!

Oh, had he whispered when his sweetest kiss
Was warm upon my mouth in fancied bliss,
He had kissed another woman like to this—

It were less bitter! Sometimes I could weep
To be so cheated, like a child asleep:—
Were not the anguish far too dry and deep.

So I built my house upon another's ground;
Mocked with a heart just caught at the rebound—
A cankering thing that looked so firm and sound.

And when that heart grew colder—colder still,
I, ignorant, tried all duties to fulfill,
Blaming my foolish pride, exacting will—

All—anything but him. It was to be:
The full draught others drink up carelessly
Was made this bitter Tantalus cup for me.

I say again—he gives me all I claimed,
I and my children never shall be shamed:
He is a just man—he will live unblamed.

Only—O God, O God, to cry for bread,
And get a stone! Daily to lay my head
Upon a bosom where the old love's dead!

Dead?—Fool! It never lived. It only stirred
Galvanic, like an hour-old corpse. None heard:
So let me bury it without a word.

He'll keep that other woman from my sight.
I know not if her face be foul or bright;
I only know that it was his delight—

As his was mine: I only know he stands
Pale, at the touch of their long-severed hands,
Then to a flickering smile his lip commands.

Lest I should grieve, or jealous anger show,
He heeds not. When the ship's gone down, I trow,
We little reck whatever wind may blow.

And so my silent moan begins and ends.
No world's laugh or world's taunt, no pity of friends
Or sneer of foes, with this my torment blends.

None knows—none heeds. I have a little pride;
Enough to stand up, wife-like, by his side,
With the same smile as when I was a bride.

And I shall take his children to my arms;
They will not miss these fading, worthless charms;
Their kiss—ah! unlike his—all pain disarms.

And haply, as the solemn years go by,
He will think sometimes with regretful sigh,
The other woman was less true than I.

THE INDIAN SCOUT.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XXIV.

QUIEPAA TANI.

We must now return to the two chief characters of our story, whom we have neglected too long. For that purpose we will go back a little way, and take up our narrative at the moment when Addick, followed by the two young ladies Don Miguel confided to him, set out for Quiepaa Tani.

A quiver of extraordinary feeling passed over the Indian, so soon as he saw himself in the plains with the maidens, free from the inquisitive glances of Don Miguel, and those even more clear-sighted of Marksman. His eye, sparkling with pleasure, passed from Dona Laura to Dona Luisa, unable to rest longer on one than the other. He found them both so lovely, that he was never satiated with gazing on them with the frenzied admiration Indians experience at the sight of Spanish women, whom they infinitely prefer to their own squaws.

While mentioning this peculiarity to the reader, we must add that for their part the Spaniards eagerly seek the good graces of the Indian women, in whom they find irresistible charms. Is this the effect of a wise combination of Providence, wishing to effect the complete fusion of the two people? No one knows; but what cannot be doubted is, that there are few Spaniards in America, who have not sundry drops of Indian blood in their veins.

The young Indian Chief, in possession of his two captives—for it was thus he regarded them so soon as they were placed in his charge—had at first thought of conducting them to his tribe, to decide presently which he would select; but several reasons made him abandon this plan almost as soon as he formed it. In the first place, the distance to traverse, before reaching his village, was immense, and it was not very probable he could manage it in the company of two frail and delicate girls, who could not endure the numberless fatigues of a desert journey; on the other hand, the city was only a couple of miles before him; the crowd, momentarily increasing, hampered his movements; and the dark outlines of the two hunters, standing out blackly on the top of the mound, warned him that, at the slightest suspicious movement, he would see two formidable adversaries rise before him.

Making a virtue of necessity, then, he shut up in the depths of his heart the emotions that agitated him, and resolved, ostensibly, to accomplish his mission, by entering the city; but he intended to confide the maidens to his foster-brother, Chicukcoatl (Eight Serpents,) Amantzin of Quiepaa Tani, who, in his functions as High Priest of the Temple of the Sun, would be able to hide them from the sight of all, until the day when, all obstacles being removed, Addick would be free to act as he pleased, and take back his captives.

The two unhappy girls, violently separated from the only friends left to them, had fallen into a state of prostration, which prevented them from noticing the hesitations and tergiversations of the perfidious guide in whose hands they found themselves. Surrendered defencelessly to the will of a savage, who could, if he thought proper, treat them with the utmost violence, although he had guaranteed their safety, they knew that they had no human succor to expect. They were compelled to leave their fate in the hands of Heaven, and resigned themselves with a Christian spirit to the hard trials they would doubtless have to endure during their residence among the Indians.

The three travellers, mixed up in the dense crowd of persons proceeding like themselves to the city, soon reached the edge of the fosse, followed by the inquisitive glances of those who surrounded them, for the Indians speedily recognized the young girls as Spaniards.

Addick having, by a glance, bidden his companions be prudent, assumed the most careless air he could well affect, although his heart beat as if ready to burst, and presented himself at the gateway.

After crossing the wooden bridge, he stood in apparent apathy before the gate; a lance was lowered before the strangers, and barred their passage. A man, whom it was easy to recognize, by his rich costume, as an influential chief of the city, rose from a butacca, on which he was carelessly seated, smoking his pipe, advanced with measured steps, and stopped, carefully examining the group formed by Addick and his companions.

The Indian, at first surprised and almost frightened by this hostile demonstration, recovered, almost immediately; a flash of joy burst from his savage eye; he bent over to the sentry, and whispered a few words in his ear.

The Redskin immediately raised his lance with a respectful gesture, fell back a step, and made room for them to pass. They entered.

Addick walked hastily toward the Temple of the Sun, congratulating himself on having so easily escaped the danger, which had been suspended for several minutes over his head.

The maidens followed him with that resignation of despair, which, bears so striking a likeness to docility and deference, but which is, in reality, only the recognized impossibility of escaping a fate one fears.

While our friends are crossing the streets of the city to reach their destination, we will describe, in a few words, Quiepaa Tani, the exterior of which the reader is only acquainted with.

The narrow streets, running at right angles, open on an immense square, situated exactly in the centre of the city, and which bears the name of Conaciuhtzin.* It is probable that it was in compliment to the sun that the Indians conceived this square, from which the streets of the city radiate, for it is impossible to imagine a more correct representation of the planet they adore, than this mysteriously and emblematically significant arrangement.

Four magnificent palaces rise in the direction of the four cardinal points. On the western side is the great temple, called Amantzin-expan, surrounded by an infinite number of chiselled columns of gold and silver.

The appearance of this edifice is most imposing. You reach it by a flight of twenty steps, each made of a single stone, thirty feet in length: the walls are excessively lofty, and the roof like that of all the other buildings, is terraced. The Indians, though perfectly acquainted with the art of building subterranean arches, are completely ignorant of the way of raising domes in the air. The interior of the temple is relatively very simple. Long tapestries, embroidered with feathers of a thousand different hues, and representing, in hieroglyphic writing, the entire history of the Indian religion, cover the walls. In the centre of the temple stand the *teocali*, or isolated altar, surmounted by a brilliant sun, made of gold and precious stones, supported on the great *ayoli*, or sacred tortoise. By an ingenious artifice, each morning the first beams of the rising sun fall on this splendid idol, and make it sparkle with such brilliant fire, that it really seems to be animated, and lights up the surrounding scene. Before the altar is the sacrificial table, an immense block of marble, representing one of those Druidic *menhirs* so common in old Armorica. It is a species of stone table, supported by four blocks of rock. The table, slightly hollowed in the centre, is supplied with a conduit, intended to carry off the blood of the victims. We must remark that human sacrifices are growing daily rarer. We are, fortunately, far from an epoch when, in order to dedicate a temple, sixty thousand human victims were immolated in one day at Mexico; at present these sacrifices only take place under the most exceptional circumstances, and, in that case, the victims are selected from the prisoners condemned to death. At the back of the temple is a space closed in with heavy curtains, entrance to which is interdicted to the people. These curtains conceal the top of a staircase leading to vast cellars, which extend under the whole temple, and which the priests alone have the right to enter. It is in the most secret and retired spot of these vaults that the sacred fire of Moctecuzoma burns uninterruptedly. The floor of the temple is covered with leaves and flowers renewed every morning.

On the southern side of the square is the *Tanamitec*, or Palace of the Chief.

This palace, whose name, literally translated, signifies "a spot surrounded by water," is merely a succession of reception rooms and immense courts, employed by the warriors entrusted with the defence of the city for their military exercises. A separate building, to which visitors are not admitted, is set apart for the residence of the Chief's family. Another building serves as arsenal, and contains all the arms of the city, such as arrows, sagaies, lances, bows, and Indian shields, from the most remote period; European sabres, swords, and guns, which, after fearing for so long, the Indians have learned to employ as well as ourselves.

The greatest curiosity, undoubtedly, contained in this arsenal is a small cannon which belonged to Cortez, and which that conqueror was compelled to abandon on the high road, during his precipitate retreat from Mexico on the *noche triste*. This cannon is still an object of fear and veneration to the Indians, for many recollections of the conquest have remained in their hearts after so many years and vicissitudes of every description.

On the same square stands the famous *Cuat expan*, or Palace of the Vestals. It is here that, far from the glance of men, the Virgins of the Sun live and die. No man, the High Priest excepted, can penetrate to the interior of this building, reserved for the women dedicated to the sun. A fearful death would immediately punish the daring man who attempted to transgress this law. The life of the Indian vestals bears considerable resemblance to that of the nuns peopling the European convents. They are shut up, take a vow of perpetual chastity, and pledge themselves never to speak to a man, unless it be their father or brother, and, in that case, they can only converse through a grating and in the presence of a third party, while careful to veil their faces.

When, during the ceremonies, they appear in public, or assist in the religious festivals in the temple, they are completely veiled. A vestal convicted of letting a man see her face is condemned to death.

In the interior of their abode they amuse themselves with feminine occupations, and privately perform the rites of their religion. The vows are voluntary. A young girl cannot be admitted into the ranks of the Virgins of the Sun, until the High Priest has acquired the certainty that no one has forced her to this determination, and that she is really following her vocation.

Lastly, the fourth palace, situated on the eastern side of the square, is the most splendid, and, at the same time, the most gloomy of all.

It is called the Iztlacat-expan, or Palace of the Prophets. It is the residence of the priests. It would be impossible to describe the mysterious, sad, and cold appearance of this residence; the windows of which are covered with a wicker frame, so closely interwoven, as almost to entirely exclude the light of day. A gloomy silence perpetually prevails in this building; but at times, in the middle of the night, when all are reposing in the city, the Indians awake in terror at the strange sounds that appear to issue from the Iztlacat-expan.

What is the life of the men who inhabit it? In what do they spend their time? No one knows. Woe to the imprudent man, who, curious for information on this point, would try to surprise the secrets of which he should remain in ignorance; for the vengeance of the insulted priests would be implacable.

If the vow of chastity be imposed on the vestals, it is not so with regard to the High Priest and his assistants; still we must remark, that very few of them marry, and the others abstain, at least openly, from any connection with the other sex. The noviciate of the priests lasts ten years, and it is only at the expiration of that period, and after undergoing numberless trials, that the novices assume the title of Chalchiuh. Until then they can alter their minds, and embrace another career; but the case is extremely rare. It is true, that if they took advantage of the law's permission, they would be infallibly assassinated by their brothers, who would fear seeing a portion of their secrets unveiled to the public. In other respects the priests are highly respected by the Indians, whose love they contrive to acquire; and we may say, that next to the Chief, the Amannni is the most powerful man in the tribe.

Among peoples with whom religion is so powerful a lever, it may be observed that the temporal and spiritual power never come into collision; each knows how far his attributes extend, and follows the line traced for him, without trying to infringe on the rights of the other. Owing to this intelligent diplomacy, priests and chiefs act in concert, and double their strength.

The European habituated to the tumult, noise, and movement of the cities of the old world, whose streets are constantly encumbered by vehicles of every description, and with the passers by, who come into collision at each step, would be strangely surprised at the sight of the interior of an Indian city. There, there are no noisy ways of communication, bordered by magnificent shops, offering to the curiosity or greed of the purchasers and rogues, the superb and dazzling specimens of European industry; there are no carriages, not even carts; the silence is only disturbed by the step of the few passers hastening back to their dwellings, and who walk with the imposing gravity of professors or magistrates of all nations.

The houses, which are all carefully closed, allow none of the internal noises to be heard from the street. Indian life is concentrated in the family, and closed against the stranger; the manners are patriarchal, and the public way never becomes, as is too often the case among our civilized peoples, the disgraceful scene of the disputes, quarrels, or fights of the citizens.

The vendors collected in immense bazaars, where, until mid-day, they sell their merchandise; that is to say, fruits, vegetables, and meat; for all other trade is unknown to the Indians, each family weaving or making for itself the garments, furniture, or household articles it requires. Then, when the sun has run half its course, the bazaars are closed, and the Indian traders, who all inhabit the country, quit the city, to return next morning with fresh vegetables. Each family lays in its stock for the day.

Among the Indians the men never work; the women are entrusted with the purchases, the household cares, and the preparation of all that is indispensable for existence. The men, too proud to do any domestic work, hunt or go on the war-path.

The payment for what is purchased is not effected, as in Europe, by means of coins, which are generally only known to, or accepted by, the coast Indians, who traffic with the whites; but by means of a free exchange, which is practised by all the tribes residing in the interior. The plan is most simple. The purchaser exchanges some article for that he wishes to acquire, and all is settled.

Now that we have made Quiepaa Tani known to the reader, let us terminate this chapter by saying that Addick and his companions, after wandering for some time through the streets, at length reached the Iztlacat-expan.

The Indian chief had, as he desired, found a complaisant auxiliary in the Amannni, who swore, on his head, to guard, with scrupulous attention, the prisoners entrusted to him.

We may as well add, that Addick told the High Priest that the ladies he confided to his care were the daughters of one of the most powerful men in Mexico, and that, in order to compel him to grant his protection to the Indians, he had resolved on taking one of them to wife; still, as the two girls pleased him equally, and for that reason, it had been impossible for him, up to that moment, to make a choice between them, he prudently abstained from pointing out the object of his purpose. Then he added, in order completely to conquer the good graces of the man he took as his accomplice, and whose sordid avarice had long been known to him, that a magnificent present would amply reward him for the guardianship he begged him to accept.

Tranquil for the future about the fate of the two maidens, and the first part of the plot he had formed having completely succeeded, Addick purposed to carry out the second in the same way; he consequently took leave of those he had sworn to protect, and whom he betrayed so shamefully; and, mounting his horse again, he left the city, and proceeded, at full speed, towards the ford of the Rubio, where he knew he should meet Don Miguel.

CHAPTER XXV.

A TRIO OF VILLAINS.

Leaving Addick to depart at full gallop from Quiepaa Tani, let us turn for a little while to the maidens whom, prior to his departure, he confided to the Amantzin.

The latter shut the maidens up in the Cuatlexpan, inhabited by the Virgins of the Sun.

Although prisoners, they were treated with the utmost respect, after the orders Addick had given, and they would have probably endured the annoyance of their unjust captivity with patience, had not a deep alarm as to the fate reserved for them, and an invincible sorrow, resulting from the events to which they had been victims, and the terrible circumstances which had led them to their present condition, by suddenly separating them from their last defender, seized upon them.

It was now that the difference of character between the two friends was clearly shown.

Dona Laura, accustomed to the eager homage of the brilliant cavaliers who visited her father's house, and the enjoyments of a slothful and luxurious life, as is that of all rich Mexican families, suffered on feeling herself so roughly deprived of the delights and caresses by which her childhood had been surrounded: forgetting the tortures of the convent only to remember the joys of the paternal mansion, and incapable of resisting the sorrow that preyed upon her, she fell into a state of discouragement and torpor which she did not even attempt to combat.

Dona Luisa, on the contrary, who found in her present condition but little change from her novitiate, while deploring the blow that struck her, endured it with courage and resignation; her well-tempered soul accepted misfortune as the consequence of her devotion to her friend.

Unconsciously, perhaps, another feeling had for some time past glided into the maiden's heart—a feeling which she did not attempt to explain, whose strength she did not thoroughly know; but which doubled her courage, and made her hope for a deliverance, if not prompt, at least possible, executed by the man who had already risked everything for her friend and herself, and would not abandon them in the fresh tribulations by which they were assailed, owing to the odious treachery of their guide.

When the two friends conversed together at times about any probability of deliverance, Laura did not dare to pronounce the name of Don Miguel, and through a reserve, the reason of which may be easily divined, she pretended to rely on the name and power of her father. Luisa, more frank, contented herself with answering that the bravery and devotion that Don Miguel had displayed were a sure guarantee that he would, ere long, come to their assistance.

Laura, whom her companion had not thought it advisable to inform of the numberless obligations which she owed the young man, could not understand the connection that could possibly exist between him and the future, and cross-questioned Luisa. But the latter remained dumb, or eluded the question.

"In truth, my friend," Laura said to her, "you speak incessantly of Don Miguel. We certainly owe him great gratitude for the service he has rendered us; but now his part is almost played out; my father, warned by him of the position in which we are, will come, ere long, to deliver us."

"*Querida de mi corazon*,"* Luisa answered her, with a toss of her head; "who knows where your father is at this moment? *I* trust in help from Don Miguel, because he alone saved us from his own impulse, without hope of reward of any sort, and he is too loyal and too much of a gentleman not to finish an enterprise he has begun so well."

The last sentence was uttered by the young lady with such an air of conviction that Laura felt surprised at it, and raised her eyes to her friend, who felt herself instinctively blush beneath the weight of this inquiring glance.

Laura added nothing; but she asked herself what could be the nature of the feeling which urged her friend to defend a man whom no one attacked, and to whom she, Luisa, only owed such slight obligations, and, indeed, scarce knew.

From that day, as if by a tacit agreement, they never spoke of Don Miguel, and his name was never mentioned by the maidens.

It is a strange fact, and yet undoubtedly true, that priests, no matter of what country they are, or the religion to which they belong, are continually devoured by a desire to make proselytes at any price. The Amantzin of Quiepaa Tani, in this respect, resembled all his brethren; he would not allow the opportunity to slip which was apparently afforded him of converting two Spanish girls to the religion of the Sun. Gifted with a great intellect, thoroughly convinced of the excellence of the religious principles he professed, and, besides, an obstinate enemy of the Spaniards, he conceived the plan, so soon as Addick intrusted him with the care of the maidens, of making them priestesses of the Sun.

The Amantzin planted his batteries in consequence. The maidens did not speak Indian; on his side, he did not know a word of Spanish; but this difficulty, apparently enormous, was quickly removed by the High Priest. He was related to a renowned Indian warrior, of the name of Atoyac, the very man, indeed, who was sentry at the gate of the city upon Addick's arrival. This man had married a civilized Indian girl, who, brought up not far from Monterey, spoke Spanish sufficiently well to make herself understood. She was a woman of about thirty years of age, although she appeared at least fifty. In these regions, where growth is so rapid, a woman is usually married at the age of twelve or thirteen. Continually forced to those hard tasks which, in other countries, fall to the lot of men, their freshness speedily disappears; on reaching the age of twenty-five they are attacked by a precocious decrepitude, which, ten years later, converts into hideous and repulsive beings, women who, in their youth, were endowed with great beauty and exquisite grace, of which many European women would be justly proud.

Atoyac's wife was named Huitlotl, or the Pigeon. She was a gentle and simple creature, who, having herself suffered much, was instinctively urged to sympathize with the sufferings of others. Hence, in spite of the law which forbade the introduction of strangers into the Palace of the Virgins of the Sun, the High Priest took on himself to let the Pigeon enter the presence of the maidens.

A person must have been a prisoner himself among individuals whose language he does not understand, in order to imagine the satisfaction which the prisoners must have felt on at length receiving a visit from somebody who could converse with them, and help them to subdue the utter weariness in which they passed their time. The Indian was hence accosted as a friend, and her presence regarded as a most agreeable interlude.

In the second interview, however, the Spaniards guessed with what an interested design these visits were permitted, and when a real tyranny succeeded to the short joyous conversation of the first day. It was a permanent punishment to the maidens. As Spaniards, and attached to the religion of their fathers, they could not fulfill the High Priest's hopes, while the Indian woman, incapable of playing the false and roguish part to which she was condemned, did not hide from them that, in spite of the honied words and insinuating manner of the Amanani, they must expect to suffer the most frightful tortures, if they refused to devote themselves to the worship of the Sun. The prospect was far from being re-assuring.

The maidens knew the Indians to be capable of putting their odious threats in execution without the slightest remorse; hence, while promising in their hearts to remain staunch in the faith of their fathers, the poor creatures were devoured by mortal alarm.

Time passed away, and the High Priest began to grow impatient at the slowness of the conversion. The little hope the two maidens had kept up of escaping from the sacrifice demanded of them was gradually deserting them. This painful situation, which was further aggravated by the absence of all news from without, at length produced an illness whose progress was so rapid, that the High Priest considered it prudent to suspend the execution of his ardent project of proselytism.

Let us leave the wretched prisoners for a short period, almost felicitating themselves on the change that had taken place in their health, as it for a time at least almost freed them from the odious presence to which they were exposed, and take up the course of events which happened to other persons who figure in this story.

So soon as Don Estevan found himself at liberty, he dug his spurs into the flanks of Brighteye's horse, and began a furious race across the forest, whose evident object was to remove him as speedily as possible from the clearing which had all but proved so fearfully fatal to him.

A prey to a mad terror, which every moment that passed doubled, the wretched man galloped hap-hazard, without object or idea, following no direction, but flying straight before him, pursued by the hideous phantom of the death, which, for an hour that was as long an age, had bent over his shoulders, and had already stretched forth its skeleton hand to seize him, when a miraculous accident sent a liberator.

Don Estevan, in proportion as lucidity reentered his brain, and calmness sprung up again in his thoughts, became once more the man he had ever been; that is to say, the implacable villain so justly condemned and executed by Lynch law. Instead of recognizing in his deliverance the omnipotent finger of Providence wishing thus to show him the path of repentance, he only saw a naturally accidental fact, and entertained but one thought—that of avenging himself on the men who prostrated him and set their feet on him.

For many hours he thus galloped in the darkness, revolving schemes of vengeance and casting ironical looks of defiance at Heaven. The whole night was passed in this mad race, and sunrise surprised him at a long distance from the spot where he had undergone his sentence.

He stopped for a moment, in order to restore a little connexion in his ideas and look around him.

The trees, rather scattered at the spot where he halted, enabled him to see between their trunks a plain in front of him, terminating in the distance in tall mountains, whose blue-grey summits mingled in the horizon with the sky: a rather wide river flowed silently between two scarped banks, denuded of vegetation.

Don Estevan gave a sigh of relief. Supposing—as was not at all probable—that any one had started in pursuit, the rapidity of his flight, and the innumerable turns he had taken, must have completely hidden his trail. He advanced slowly to the edge of the forest, resolved to stop for an hour or two to rest his panting steed, and himself take that repose so absolutely necessary after so much fatigue and agony.

So soon as he reached the first trees of the wood, he stopped again. Assured himself by a glance round that no human being was in the vicinity, and reassured by the calmness and silence that reigned around him, he dismounted, unsaddled and hobbled his horse, and, lying down on the ground, he began reflecting.

His position was far from agreeable. He was alone, almost unarmed, in a strange country, compelled to fly from men of his own color, and obliged to depend on himself alone to face all the events which might occur, and the dangers that surrounded him on every side.

Assuredly, a man more resolute than was Don Estevan, and gifted by nature with a more powerful organization than he possessed, would, in his place, have felt greatly embarrassed, and would have given way, if not to despair, at least to discouragement. The Mexican, overcome by the atrocious emotions and extraordinary fatigue he had endured during the fatal night which had just passed, fell involuntarily into such a state of prostration and insensibility, that gradually external objects disappeared from his sight, and he only existed in his mind, that ever-shining beacon in the human brain, and which God in His infinite goodness allows to shine there in the darkest gloom, in order to restore to the creature, in extreme situations, the feeling of his strength and the will to struggle.

For a long time Don Estevan had been seated, with his elbow on his knee, and his head on his hand, looking without seeing, listening without hearing, when he suddenly started, and drew himself up sharply.

A hand had been gently laid on his shoulder. Slight as the touch was, it was enough to arouse the Mexican, and restore him to a sense of his present situation. He looked up. Two men, two Indians, were by his side; they were Addick and Red Wolf.

A gleam of joy shone in Don Estevan's eye: these two men, he had a presentiment, were two allies. He wanted them without hoping ever to meet them. In fact, in the desert, who can be certain of meeting those he seeks!

Addick fixed a sardonic glance on him.

"Och!" he said, "my pale brother sleeps with his eyes open; his fatigue, it seems, is great."

"Yes," Don Estevan answered.

There was a moment of silence.

"I did not hope to find my brother again so soon, and in such an agreeable position," the Indian continued.

"Ah!" Don Estevan said again.

"Yes, aided by my brother Red Wolf and his warriors, I had set out to bring help, if it were possible, to the paleface."

The Mexican looked at him suspiciously.

"Thanks," he at length said, with piercing irony; "I required help from nobody."

"All the better; that does not astonish me; my brother is a great warrior in his nation; but perhaps the help now useless to him will be of service to him later."

"Listen, Redskin," Don Estevan said; "take my advice, let us not deal in repartees, but be frank towards each other. You know a great deal more of my affairs than I should have wished any one to discover. How you learned it is of little consequence; still, if I understand you, you have a proposal to make me, a proposal you doubtless think I shall accept, because of the position in which you find me. Make it, then, frankly, briefly, as a man ought to do, and let us come to an end,

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* Square of the Sun.

*Cherished one of my heart.

instead of wasting precious time in idle discourse and useless beating about the bush."

Addick smiled craftily.

"My brother speaks well," he said, in a honeyed voice; "his wisdom is great. I will be frank with him; he wants me; I will serve him."

"*Voto a brios!* that is talking like a man; that pleases me. Go on, Chief; if the end of your speech resembles the beginning, I do not doubt we shall come to an understanding."

"Wah! I am convinced of it: but, before sitting down to the council fire, my brother needs to regain his strength, weakened by a long fast and heavy fatigue. Red Wolf's warriors are encamped close by. Let my brother follow me. When he has taken a little nourishment, we will settle our business."

"Be it so. Go on; I follow you," Don Estevan answered.

The three men then went off in the direction of the Redskin camp, which was not more than a hundred paces from the spot they left.

The Indians understand hospitality better than any other people, excepting the Arabs—that virtue ignored in cities, where, to the disgrace of civilized peoples, a cold egotism and shameful distrust is substituted for it.

Don Estevan was treated by the Indians as well as it was possible for them to do. After he had eaten and drank as much as he wanted, Addick returned to the charge.

"Will my pale-face brother hear me at present?" he said. "Are his ears open?"

"My ears are open, Chief. I am listening to you with all the attention of which I am capable."

"Does my brother wish to avenge himself on his enemies?"

"Yes," Don Estevan exclaimed, passionately.

"But those enemies are powerful; they are numerous. My brother has already succumbed in the contest he tried to wage with them. A man, when he is alone, is weaker than a child."

"That is true," the Mexican muttered.

"If my brother consents to grant to Red Wolf and Addick what they will ask of him, the Red Chiefs will help my brother to avenge himself and insure him success."

A feverish flush covered Don Estevan's face; a convulsive tremor flew over his limbs.

"*Voto a brios!*" he muttered, gloomily; "whatever be the condition you lay down, I accept it, if you serve me as you say."

"My brother must not pledge himself lightly," the Indian retorted, with a grin.—"He does not know the condition yet; perhaps he will regret having been so hasty."

"I repeat to you," Don Estevan repeated, firmly, "that I accept the condition, whatever it be. Let me know it, then, without further delay."

The cautious Indian hesitated, or appeared to hesitate, for two or three minutes, which seemed an age to the Mexican. At length he went on, in a perfidiously gentle voice.

"I know where the two pale-faced maidens are whom my brother seeks in vain."

Don Estevan, at these words, bounded as if he had been stung by a serpent.

"You know it!" he shouted, as he squeezed his arm violently, and looked fixedly at him.

"I know it," Addick answered, still with perfect calmness.

"It is not possible."

The Indian smiled contemptuously.

"It was under my guardianship," he said, "and guided by me, that they reached their present abode."

"And you can lead me to it?"

"I can."

"On the instant?"

"Yes, if you accept my conditions."

"That is true; tell me them."

"Which does my brother prefer, these young girls, or vengeance?"

"Vengeance!"

"Good; the young pale girls will remain where they are. Addick and Red Wolf are alone; their cabins are desolate; they each need a wife. The warriors hunt; the squaws prepare the food, and nurse the papooses. Does my brother understand me?"

These words were pronounced with so strange an intonation, that the Mexican shuddered involuntarily, but he recovered almost immediately.

"And if I accept?" he said.

"Red Wolf has two hundred warriors. They are at my brother's service, to aid him in accomplishing his vengeance."

Don Estevan let his head fall in his hands. For a few moments he remained motionless. This man, who had so coolly resolved on his niece's death, hesitated at the odious proposition now made him. This condition seemed to him more horrible than death.

The Indians waited, apparently apathetic witnesses of the contest that was going on in the heart of the man they wished to seduce. They watched this conflict of good and evil inclinations, coldly calculating the chances of success offered them by the evil instincts of the wretch they held beneath their eye. However, the struggle was not long. Don Estevan raised his head, and said, with a calm voice, cold face, and no sign of emotion,—

"Well, be it so; the die is cast. I accept, and will keep my word; but first keep yours."

"We will keep it," the Indians answered.

"Before the eighth sun," Addick added, "my brother's enemies will be in his power; he will deal with them as he thinks proper."

"And now, what must I do?" Don Estevan asked.

"Here is our plan," Addick replied.

The three men then discussed the plan of campaign they intended to follow, in order to gain the object they proposed. But, as we shall soon see it work out, we will leave it, to return to our other characters.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A HUNT ON THE PRAIRIE.

The persons collected in Don Miguel's tent could not repress a movement of surprise, almost of terror, at the sudden appearance of Brighteye, pale, bleeding, and with disordered garments.

The hunter had stopped in the entrance of the tent, tottering, and looking around with haggard eyes, while his face gradually assumed an expression of sorrow and profound discouragement.

All these men, accustomed to the incessantly changing life of the desert; whose courage, incessantly put to the rudest trials, was surprised at nothing, felt themselves, however, shudder, and a foreboding of misfortune.

Brighteye still remained motionless and dumb.

Don Miguel was the first to recall his presence of mind, and succeeded in regaining sufficient mastery over himself to address the the new comer.

"What is the matter, Brighteye?" he asked him, in a voice which he tried in vain, to render firm; "of what sad news are you the bearer?"

The Canadian passed his hand several times over his damp forehead, and, after casting a last suspicious glance around him, he at length found courage to reply in a low and inarticulate voice—

"I have terrible news to announce."

The adventurer's heart beat audibly. Still, he mastered his emotion, and said, in a calm voice, with a sigh of resignation—

"It will be welcome, for we can hear nothing from you which is not so. Speak, then, my friend, we are listening to you."

Brighteye hesitated, a feverish flush mounted over his face; but, making a supreme effort, he said—

"I have betrayed you. Betrayed you like a coward!"

"You!" they all exclaimed, unanimously, in denial, and shrugged their shoulders.

"Yes. I!"

These two words were uttered in the tone of a man whose resolution is definitely formed, and who loyally accepts the responsibility of an act which he recognizes in his heart as culpable.

His hearers regarded him in stupor.

"Hum!" Marksman muttered, shaking his head sorrowfully. "There is something incomprehensible in all this. Leave it to me to find it out," he continued, addressing Don Miguel, who seemed preparing to address fresh questions to the hunter. "I know how to make him speak."

The adventurer consented with a mute sign, and fell back on his bed, while bending an interrogatory glance on the Canadian.

Marksman quitted the spot he had hitherto occupied, and, walking up to Brighteye, laid his hand on his shoulder. The Canadian quivered at this friendly touch, and looked sorrowfully at the old hunter.

"By Jove!" the latter said, with a smile; "deuce take me if our ears were not tingling just now! Come, Brighteye, old comrade, what is the matter? Why this terrified look, as if the sky was on the point of falling on our heads? What means this pretended treachery of which you accuse yourself, and whose flagrant impossibility I guarantee; I, who have known you these forty years?"

"Do not pledge yourself so for me, brother," Brighteye answered, in a hollow voice; "I have broken the law of the prairies. I have betrayed you, I tell you."

"But, in the devil's name, explain yourself! You cannot have bargained to our injury with those Apache dogs, our enemies? Such a supposition would be ridiculous."

"I have done worse."

"Oh! oh! What, then?"

"I have—" Brighteye hesitated.

"What?"

Don Mariano suddenly interposed.

"Silence," he said, in a firm voice. "I guess what you have done, and thank you for it. To me it belongs to justify you in the sight of our friends, so let me do so."

All eyes were curiously turned on the gentleman.

"Caballeros," he continued, "this worthy man accuses himself of treachery towards you, because he consented to do me an immense service. In a word, he has saved my brother!"

"Can it be possible?" Don Miguel passionately exclaimed.

Brighteye bowed in affirmation.

"Oh!" the adventurer said, "wretched man, what have you done?"

"I would not murder my brother," Don Mariano nobly answered.

This word burst like a bomb shell amid these lion-hearted men. They let their heads sink instinctively, and quivered involuntarily.

"Do not reproach this honest hunter," Don Mariano continued, "with having saved that wretch. Has he not been sufficiently punished? The lesson has been too rude for him not to profit by it. Forced to allow his defeat, bowed beneath shame and remorse, he is now wandering alone and without help beneath the omnipotent eye of God, who, when his hour arrives, will inflict on him the chastisement for his crimes. Now, Don Estevan is no longer an object of alarm to us; we shall never meet him again on our path."

"Stop!" Brighteye shouted, vehemently; "were it as you state, I should not reproach myself so greatly for having consented to obey you. No, no, Don Mariano, I ought to have refused. When the serpent is dead, the venom is dead also! Do you know what this man did? So soon as he was free, thanks to me, immediately forgetting that I was his saviour, he treacherously tried to deprive me of the life I had just restored him. Look at the gaping wound on my skull," he added, suddenly raising the bandage that surrounded his head, "here is the proof of his gratitude he left me on separating from me."

All present uttered an exclamation of horror.

Brighteye then narrated, in their fullest detail, the events which had occurred. The hunters listened attentively. When his story was ended, there was a moment of silence.

"What is to be done?" Don Miguel muttered, sorrowfully. "All must be begun afresh. There is no lack of villains on the prairie with whom this man can come to an understanding."

Don Mariano, overwhelmed by what he had just heard, remained gloomy and silent, taking no part in the discussion, recognizing in his heart the fault he had committed, but not feeling the courage to avow it, and thus assume the immense responsibility of the sentence passed by the woodrangers.

"We must come to an end of this," Marksman said; "moments are precious. Who knows what that villain is doing while we are consulting? Let us raise the camp as speedily as possible, and proceed to those maidens, for they must be saved in the first place. As for ourselves, we shall be able to foil the scroundrel's machinations, when aimed directly at ourselves."

"Yes," Don Miguel exclaimed, "let us start. Heaven grant that we arrive in time."

And forgetting his weakness and wounds, the adventurer rose boldly. Brighteye stopped him. The old hunter, freed from the burthen that weighed so heavily on his conscience, had regained all his boldness and freedom of mind.

"Permit me," he said, "we have to deal with a powerful foe. Let us not act lightly, or let ourselves be deceived this time. Hear what I propose."

"Speak," Don Leo answered.

"From what I know of this unhappy story, you, Don Miguel, aided by my old companion, Marksman, have hidden these young girls in a place where you suppose them safe from the attack of your enemy."

"Yes," the adventurer answered, "except by treachery."

"We must always suspect treachery as possible in the desert," the hunter went on roughly; "you have a proof of it before you; hence redouble your prudence. Don Miguel and his Caudrilla will, guided by us, set out immediately in pursuit of Don Stefano. Believe me, the most important thing for us is to secure the person of our enemy, and, by heavens, I swear to do all humanly possible to catch him. I have a terrible account to settle with him now," he added, with an expression of concentrated hatred which no one misunderstood.

"But the young ladies?" Don Leo exclaimed.

"Patience! Don Miguel; if you possessed as much strength as good will, I should have reserved for you the honor of going to seek them in the asylum you so judiciously selected for them; but that task will be too rude for you; leave to Marksman, then, the care of carrying it out, and be assured he will give you a good account of it."

Don Leo de Torres remained for a moment gloomy and thoughtful. Marksman took his hand, and pressed it warmly.

"Brighteye's advice is good," he said; "under the present circumstances, it is the only plan we can follow; we must play a game of trickery with our adversaries, in order to foil their villainy. Leave that to me; I have not been christened 'The Scout,' in vain. I swear to you, on my life, that I will bring the two maidens back to you."

The adventurer breathed a sigh.

"Do as you think proper," he said, in a sorrowful voice, "as I am quite powerless."

"Good, Don Leo!" Don Mariano exclaimed; "I perceive that your intentions are truly honorable, and I thank you for your self-denial. As for you, my worthy friend," he said, turning to Marksman, "though I am old, and but little accustomed to desert life, I will accompany you."

"Your desire is just, senor, and I have no right to oppose it, as it is your daughter I am going to try and save; the fatigue you will endure, and the perils you incur during this expedition, will add to the happiness you experience in embracing your daughter, when I have succeeded in restoring her to you."

"Now," Brighteye said, "do you, Marksman, who know the direction you are about to follow, give us a place of meeting, where we can assemble again when each of us has accomplished his allotted task."

"That is important," the Canadian answered; "it would be even as well if a detachment from Don Miguel's Cuadrilla were to proceed directly to the meeting-place we select, in order that, in the event of a mishap, each band can find succor or support there."

"Fifteen of my most resolute men shall go at once to encamp at the spot you select, Marksman," Don Miguel said, "in order to be ready to go wherever their presence is necessary."

"We are carrying on regular warfare; do not forget that; hence we must neglect no precaution. Ruperto, who is an old buffalo hunter, will, with your permission, Don Miguel, take the command of this party, and proceed to Amaxtlan."*

"Oh, I know the spot well," Ruperto interrupted; "I have often hunted beaver and otter there."

"That is all right," Marksman continued. "Now, whatever happens, we must all be at the appointed place this day month, except through a grave impediment, and, in that case, the detachment missing will send a scout to Ruperto, in order to inform him of the cause of its delay. Is that agreed?"

"Yes," his auditors answered.

"But," Don Miguel added, "I suppose that you will not go alone with Don Mariano?"

"No; I shall also take Domingo, who, for certain reasons known to myself, I shall not be sorry to have constantly under my hand. Don Mariano's two servants will also follow me; they are brave and devoted. I need no more people."

"They are very few," Don Leo remarked.

The old hunter smiled in a peculiar way.

"The less we are, the better it will be," he said, "for the dangerous enterprise we meditate; our little band will pass invisible, where a larger party would be stopped; trust to me for that."

"I have one more word to add."

"Say it."

"Succeed!"

The Canadian smiled again, but, this time, with an expression of tender pity.

"I shall succeed," he answered simply, as he forcibly pressed the hand his friend offered him.

The two men understood one another. Don Leo then left the tent.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* The spot where a river divides into several branches.

NEWS ITEMS.

GEN. LANE'S OR HUNTER'S EXPEDITION.—The Chicago Journal is informed by a gentleman connected with Gen. Lane's staff, that there are already 14,000 troops at Fort Leavenworth, and that more troops have been tendered to the General than he knows what to do with.

NORTHERN COTTON AND TOBACCO.—Congress having made liberal appropriations for experimental supplies of superior cotton seed and tobacco seed, the Chief of the Agricultural Division of the Patent Office (Mr. Newton) loses no time in his arrangements for their distribution, especially throughout the Middle and Western States. In a very short period thousands of little packages will be transmitted to the Senators, members of the House of Representatives, agricultural societies, and others who are interested therein, with the most hopeful anticipation.

GENERAL SCOTT.—It is authoritatively asserted that Lieutenant-General Scott will go out in the sloop-of-war Richmond, now fitting out at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard. Dispatches from Washington stated that the Richmond would convey Gen. Scott to Vera Cruz, or some other Mexican port, and that he was to go on a diplomatic mission. The naval authorities at this port, however, declare that the Richmond is going to Key West, and that the General goes out for the good of his health. Whichever report is correct, one thing is considered certain—that General Scott is going somewhere in the United States sloop-of-war Richmond.—*N. Y. Express.*

RESIGNATION OF GENERAL LANDER.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, at Cumberland, Maryland, announces the probable resignation of Gen. Lander, "on account of having been ordered by General McClellan to retreat from Romney before Jackson, and reprimanded because, instead of this, he desired to capture Jackson." But we trust the correspondent will turn out misinformed.

THE GREAT EASTERN—PRESENTATION OF A WATCH TO MR. H. E. TOWLE.—The passengers on board the steamer Great Eastern during the terrible storm of September 12, 1861, have presented Mr. Hamilton E. Towle, of Exeter, N. H., civil engineer, with a costly watch, suitably inscribed, as a token of their appreciation of his skill in devising, and his untiring and successful labor in constructing, a steering apparatus by means of which the ship and the lives of all the passengers were saved.

A NEW novel by Miss Evans, author of "Adam Bede," will be published this spring. Charles Lever announces a new monthly serial, with illustrations by H. K. Brown. The report of his death, last year, arose from the demise of another Charles Lever, a man of science, whose library was sold by Puttick & Simpson, in London, some six months ago.

CALIFORNIA'S GOLDEN LOYALTY.—The unanimous action of the Legislature of California, assuming her portion of the war debt, *and paying the whole amount into the Federal Treasury, in gold*, as communicated by the last telegraphic news from San Francisco, is an eloquent evidence of the deep and passionate attachment of the people of that distant state to the cause of the Union.

ARMS AND MATERIAL OF WAR FROM GERMANY.—The steamship Bavaria, which arrived at New York last week from Hamburg, brought nearly two thousand cases of arms and other war material. These cases contain four thousand sabres and over forty-five thousand stand of fire arms, besides equipments of various descriptions and samples of arms, which enterprising manufacturers are sending here for sale.

THE Secretary of the Treasury has issued an important order, giving notice that the interest will be paid at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington in coin on all United States bonds of the three years issue. It falls due on the 19th. The one year Treasury notes and those issued for sixty days will be redeemed by the Department also. The interest on these Treasury notes will cease on the 7th of April.

PRINCE ALBERT AND QUEEN VICTORIA.—Dr. Dean, the Surgeon on board the U. S. sloop Tuscarora, now waiting the Nashville's movements at Liverpool, writes home as follows:—

"* * * * * Prince Albert, on his dying bed, took a pen and erased some offensive expressions from the dispatch sent to Lord Lyons about the *Trent* affair, and the last words he wrote were '*Peace with America.*' When the Privy Council met at Osborne, and presented the dispatch to the Queen for her signature, she absolutely refused to sign it. She said—'My Lords, I cannot, I will not, sanction such a message to the people who have just so affectionately treated my boy.' 'But, your Majesty, our flag has been most grossly insulted since by the same people,' said Palmerston. 'I know it,' said the Queen, 'but I *cannot sign* such a dispatch—it must be changed.' She was very averse to the war, and Lord Palmerston is much censured for forcing the affair on her and the English people.

"The Nashville is still on the dock, and makes no effort to escape. It is said, if she stays much longer, she will have to be sold to pay her debts. In that case, we will go after the Sumpter, now at Cadiz."

THE LANE EXPEDITION.—Owing to the illness of the Hon. John Covode, he could not go with the Committee to see the President. Senator Pomeroy, however, went, and the President told him he expected that General Lane would have been able to arrange it amicably with General Hunter, and he could not now see how he could do anything more.

He was still willing for him to have the command of ten or fifteen thousand men, but he could not be allowed to outrank General Hunter. This is the end of the Lane expedition, and Gen. Lane will, it is said, at once return to his seat in the Senate.

It is said by Lane's friends that Hunter's order was written in Washington, and sent him by telegraph, and that if he comes back he will open war in the Senate upon McClellan, whom he blames for baffling him in his efforts to carry the war South. He can return to the Senate at any time, as he has not yet resigned his seat, nor has he invalidated his claim by any move he has made.—*Washington Cor. of Philada Inquirer.*

RUMORED INTERVENTION BY FRANCE.—WASHINGTON, Feb. 8.—Senator Cowan, of Pennsylvania, has received a letter from a well-informed and influential source in Paris, stating the Emperor Napoleon would, at the meeting of the French Chambers, on the 27th of January, announce his intention of intervening in the American troubles. Whether the intervention is to be of a character hostile to the North or friendly was not known.

THE BATTLE OF LOGAN'S FIELD.

We shall get the name of the recent battle in Kentucky right after a while. A camp correspondent of the *Louisville Journal* says:—

The battle did not come off at Webb's Cross Roads, as a Somerset ignoramus writes. It was at Logan's Fields, twenty-five miles from Webb's Cross Roads. Logan's is on the main road from Columbia to Somerset, ten miles from the latter, and forty miles from the former place. From Logan's a road runs directly south to the crossing at Mill Spring. That road runs directly through the rebel fortifications on the north side of the Cumberland. The distance from Logan's to the Mill Spring is ten miles. The battle should therefore be called Logan's Fields.

Schœpff's brigade had nothing to do with the fight at Logan's. Gen. Schœpff did not arrive until the battle was over.

There are no Union troops yet at Monticello. People who live in cities seem to think that an army can be moved without anything to eat, and some of them forget that it is quite difficult to obtain subsistence over the meanest dirt roads the world ever saw.

Some ignoramus, writing to a Cincinnati newspaper, says, that when the battle opened, Gen. Thomas had under his command thirteen regiments of infantry. Such is not the fact. Our entire number engaged in the fight did not exceed 2,000 men. But they were *men* all over.

The object which the enemy had in view in attacking the force at Logan's was to prevent an union of all the forces in this locality, and to whip us in detail. The lower Cumberland was blockaded by a part of General Boyle's brigade, and hence no supplies could come to them from Nashville. None could come to them from above. It was impossible for them to be supplied from the direction of Tennessee, and Wayne county was too poor to draw grain. It had been effectually drained already. The rebels were therefore compelled to retreat before all our troops united, invested their fortifications, and thus cut off all supplies, as well as all chances for wheat, or to march out and fight us in detail. They chose the latter alternative, and had they succeeded at Logan's, innumerable difficulties would have surrounded the Union cause. But they failed because they were in a bad cause, and for the further reason that 2,500 Western boys can at any time whip 7,000 rebels.

It is now ascertained that the rebels killed and wounded will amount to more than 300. This is given to me from reliable sources. It has been also ascertained that a large number of rebels were drowned in attempting to cross the Cumberland, on the night of the 19th.

FOREIGN INTERFERENCE.—WHAT THURLOW WEED SAYS.

Thurlow Weed, Esq., editor of the Albany Evening Journal, writing from London, under date of January 9th, says:—

I have met distinguished personages, members of the Ministry, the Government, and of Parliament, at dinners and breakfasts, with whom I have conversed fully upon the American questions, and while I am not at liberty to use names or publish conversations, I may say that the Union has many and strong friends here. And I am sorry to add that, although the Trent trouble is out of the way, we shall need all that those friends can do for us. The moment Parliament meets, agitation of American questions will commence. The blockade will be attacked from one quarter, while another section will demand a recognition of the independence of the Confederate states. Nor is it from England alone that this kind of pressure will come. France is even more restive than England under the blockade.

At breakfast, a few days since, a distinguished member of Parliament, who has been much in America, remarked with emphasis that he had formerly entertained a high opinion of "Judge Lynch," looking with much favor upon that species of impromptu jurisprudence, known as "Lynch Law," but since it failed to hang Floyd, Cobb, and Thompson, of Buchanan's Cabinet, he had ignored, and was disgusted with the system.

Our Minister to this Court, Mr. Adams, is "the right man for the right place." Beside his knowledge of the duties, and his ability to discharge them, both Mr. Adams and his family possess, in an eminent degree, the personal and social qualities which commend them to the high and refined circles and associations which surround them, and in which they are moving. Nor did the change, in this regard, occur any too early, for I learn, from unquestionable authority, that the interests of the Government here, as in France, were but indifferently represented.

TENACITY OF LIFE IN A FISH.—It is not unusual for the dealers in fishes for aquaria to find that some of them, the gold and silver carp especially, have leaped out of the water, and lie partially shrivelled up on the floor. They return them to the water, and they resuscitate, without apparently having suffered injury. We have known fish to be frozen in the aquarium for hours, and be as healthy and lively as ever, when gradually thawed out. But a most remarkable instance of tenacity of life in a fish out of its "natural element" occurred under our own observation a few days ago. A salt water aquarium had to be removed some distance, and the animals and plants, with a full supply of water, were put into a large zinc pail for conveyance. Among the animals was a sole, a fish which has the habit of clinging to the sides of the aquarium or any other perpendicular object. Following this habit, it was left adhering to the side of the pail when its contents were emptied into the aquarium. It remained there, without any water, for four days and nights. When found, it was still living, was returned to the aquarium, and for a fortnight has continued apparently healthy. We have not read of an instance of such tenacity of life in a fish out of its element.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

FANATICS AND DEMAGOGUES.—Judge Kelley, of Philadelphia, in a recent able speech in the House of Representatives, said:—"Changes have been rung on the words fanatic and conservative; and the idea has been suggested that there is such a thing in the world as a demagogue, and that possibly one may have crept upon this floor. Sir, the words fanaticism and conservatism are much abused; of the demagogue nothing too vile can be said. Fanaticism is zeal—an enthusiasm in the cause. The fanatic is frank and honest as he is earnest. Fanaticism swells the rolls of heroes and martyrs. The despised fanatic of to-day, is often the adored idol of the future. With the fanatic the demagogue cannot be compared; they can only be contrasted. The business of the demagogue is deception. Artifice, trick, and chicane are his means. His ways are devious and tortuous, and you track him by the slime he deposits as he crawls. A fanatic may bless mankind; but a demagogue is an evil here and everywhere. Of the Apostles, eleven were designated by the people of their time as fanatics—the twelfth was a demagogue. He spoke fair words and kissed, and increased his estate by thirty pieces of silver—the price of Him he kissed."

THE Chicago Post announces the passage of a large number of large mortars for Cairo. These are signs of approaching work on the Mississippi.

ADDRESS OF HOWELL COBB, TOOMBS, CRAWFORD, AND T. R. R. COBB.

TO THE PEOPLE OF GEORGIA.

FELLOW CITIZENS—In a few days the provisional government of the Confederate States will live only in history. With it we shall deliver up the trust we have endeavored to use for your benefit, to those more directly selected by yourselves. The public record of our acts is familiar to you, and requires no further explanation at our hands. Of those matters which policy has required to be secret, it would be improper now to speak. This address therefore will have no personal reference. We are well assured that there exists no necessity for us to arouse your patriotism, nor to inspire your confidence. We rejoice with you in the unanimity of our state, in its resolution and its hopes. And we are proud with you that Georgia has been "illustrated," and we doubt not will be illustrated again by her sons in our holy struggle. The first campaign is over; each party rests in place, while the winter's snow declares an armistice from on high. The results in the field are familiar to you, and we will not recount them. To some important facts we call your attention:—

First—The moderation of our own Government and the fanatical madness of our enemies have dispersed all differences of opinion among our people, and united them forever in the war of Independence. In a few border states a waning opposition is giving way before the stern logic of daily developing facts. The world's history does not give a parallel instance of a revolution based upon such unanimity among the people.

Second—Our enemy has exhibited an energy, a perseverance and an amount of resources which we had hardly expected, and a disregard of constitution and laws which we can hardly credit. The result of both, however, is that power, which is characteristic element of despotism, and renders it as formidable to its enemies as it is destructive to its subjects.

Third—An immense army has been organized for our destruction, which is being disciplined to the unthinking stolidity of regulars. With the exclusive possession of the seas, our enemy is enabled to throw upon the shores of every state the nucleus of an army. And the threat is made, and doubtless the attempt will follow in early spring to crush us with a giant's grasp by a simultaneous movement along our entire borders.

Fourth—With whatever alacrity our people may rush to arms, and with whatever energy our Government may use its resources, we cannot expect to cope with our enemy either in numbers, equipments, or munitions of war. To provide against these odds we must look to desperate courage, unflinching daring and universal self-sacrifice.

Fifth—The prospect of foreign interference is at least a remote one, and should not be relied on. If it comes, let it be only auxiliary to our own preparation for freedom. To our God and ourselves alone we should look.

These are stern facts, perhaps some of them are unpalatable. But we are deceived in you if you would have us to conceal them in order to deceive you. The only question for us and for you, is, as a nation and individually, what have we to do? We answer—

First—As a nation we should be united, forbearing to one another, frowning upon all factious opposition and censorious criticisms, and giving a trust ul and ge er ous confidence to those selected as our leaders in the camp and the council chamber.

Second—We should excite every nerve and strain every muscle of the body politic to maintain our financial and military healthfulness, and, by *rapid aggressive* action, make our enemies feel, at *their* own firesides, the horrors of a war brought on by themselves.

The most important matter for you, however, is your individual duty. What can you do?

The foot of the oppressor is on the soil of Georgia. He comes with lust in his eye, poverty in his purse, and hell in his heart. He comes a robber and a murderer. How shall you meet him? With the sword, at the threshold! With death for him or for yourself! But more than this—let every woman have a torch, every child a firebrand—let the loved homes of youth be made ashes, and the fields of our heritage be made desolate. Let blackness and ruin mark your departing steps, if depart you must, and let a desert more terrible than Sahara welcome the Vandals. Let every city be levelled by the flame, and every village be lost in ashes. Let your faithful slaves share your fortune and your crust. Trust wife and children to the sure refuge and protection of God—preferring even for these loved ones the charnal house as a home than loathsome vassalage to a nation already sunk below the contempt of the civilized world. This may be your terrible choice, and determine at once and without dissent, as honor and patriotism and duty to God require.

Fellow Citizens—Lull not yourselves into a fatal security. Be prepared for every contingency. This is our only hope for a sure and honorable peace. If our enemy was today convinced that the feast herein indicated would welcome him in every quarter of this Confederacy, we know his base character well enough to feel assured he would never come. Let, then, the smoke of your homes, fired by women's hands, tell the approaching foe that over sword and bayonet they will rush only to fire and ruin.

We have faith in God, and faith in you. He is blind to every indication of Providence who has not seen an Almighty hand controlling the events of the past year. The wind, the wave, the cloud, the mist, the sunshine and the storm have all ministered to our necessities, and frequently succored us in our distresses. We deem it unnecessary to recount the numerous instances which have called forth our gratitude. We would join you in thanksgiving and praise. "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

Nor would we condemn your confident look to our armies, when they can meet with a foe not too greatly their superior in numbers. The year past tells a story of heroism and success, of which our nation will never be ashamed. These considerations, however, should only stimulate us to greater deeds and nobler efforts. An occasional reverse we must expect—such as has depressed us within the last few days. This is only temporary.

We have no fears of the result—the final issue. You and we may have to sacrifice our lives and fortunes in the holy cause, but our honor will be saved untarnished, and our children's children will rise up to call us "blessed."

HOWELL COBB,
R. TOOMBS,
M. J. CRAWFORD,
THOMAS R. R. COBB.

☞ A dancing-master was taken up in Natchez lately, for robbing a fellow boarder. He said he commenced by cheating a printer, and, after that, everything rascally came easy to him.

☞ What is worse than raining cats and dogs? Hailing omnibuses.

Grand Ball at the White House.

[As among the news of the day, we take the following from the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer:]

The first ball ever held in the White House came off this evening, Feb. 5.

Over eight hundred invitations had been issued, and nine o'clock was the hour appointed for the assembling of the guests; but as it is not fashionable to be first, of course no one was there at that time. Soon, however, they commenced to drop in. The first of any note was Secretary Welles and lady, Speaker Grow and lady, Senator Wilson and lady.

By 9½, however, they were coming in in one continuous throng. Mrs. and Mr. Lincoln then stationed themselves in the centre of the East Room to receive the guests.

The company on entering presented the card of invitation at the main entrance, and passed to the second floor, where the rooms were all thrown open to be used as dressing rooms.

They then returned to the hall and passed into the East room, paying their respects to Mrs. Lincoln and then to the President. For one hour the throng kept up, and the rooms were all full.

The marine band, stationed in their usual position, played one of the finest overtures ever composed prior to opening the promenade, and at 11 o'clock Mr. Lincoln led off, with Miss Browning, daughter of Senator Browning, of Illinois, and Mrs. Lincoln with Senator Browning.

Others soon followed, and they poured through and through the different rooms. A room was thrown open about twelve o'clock, in which was a table, with an immense punch bowl in the centre, and sandwiches, &c., upon it, for the hungry and thirsty. But few, however, partook.

The supper was set in the dining room, and was considered one of the finest specimens of culinary skill ever displayed in America. It was prepared by Maillard, of New York, and cost thousands of dollars.

The bill of fare was:—Steamed oysters, scolloped oysters, boned turkey, pate de foie grasse, aspic of tongue, Patti giblet a la Enais anse, chicken salad a la Parisslene, Filet de beuf, stuffed turkey with truffles, quails, partridges, canvas back ducks, Charlotte Russe a la Persiene, Marienzes, chateaubriand chocolatte Bavarien, Jelly Bavarien, Compettes, fruit glace, bon bons, orange glace, biscuit glace, fancy cakes rich mottoes, flower mottoes, sandwiches, fruit and grapes.

In the centre of the table was a looking-glass, and along it were ranged the fancy pieces of confectionery. At the head of the table was a large helmet of sugar, signifying war; then a large fancy basket of sugar—a pagoda temple of Liberty; a large pagoda cornucopia covered with sugared fruits and frosted sugar; a large fountain of frosted sugar; and setting around the candy glasses apparently full of frothing beer, four bee-hives, a handsome Swiss cottage in sugar and cake, and a Chinese pagoda. On a rude table was a very large fort, named Fort Pickens, made of cake, and sugared; the inside was filled with quails, candied; and the whole presented a perfectly gorgeous appearance, the tables fairly groaning with expensive luxuries, heaped one upon another. At twelve the dining-room was thrown open for inspection, and numbers passed through, and viewed it preparatory to its demolition. About eleven o'clock General McClellan and lady and General Marcy and daughter came in. General McClellan soon had a crowd around him, which prevented him from moving around. Everybody wanted to shake his hand. All the Border State Senators and members were present with their ladies, and most of the Members and Senators from the Northern States. Gov. Morton, of Indiana, and lady, and ex-Gov. Newell, of New Jersey, with Mrs. Don Piatt, were among the Governors we noticed. Nearly all the Generals in the army were there.

General Hooker came at a late hour. All the foreign Ministers of any note were present. Lord Lyons was particularly gracious, and chatted for some time with Mrs. Lincoln. Only about half the gentlemen had dress coats, and but few were dressed in party dress; the ladies were, however, dressed to the height of fashion.

Up to one A. M., there has been no dancing, but we are assured there will soon be, and then again we are told there will be none. None are leaving, however, and the promenade goes on.

Mrs. Lincoln was dressed in a magnificent robe of rich white satin, with full train, and richly plaited in broad bands over the bosom. The skirt was looped up with white ribbon, with black borders frilled with bows; around the lower edge of the skirt was a broad row of black thread lace, nearly twelve inches wide. She wore a head dress of artificial white crysanthemums, sparingly interspersed with red roses. She wore no other jewelry than a heavy pearl neck-lace, ear-rings and brooch, which glistened in harmony with the ample folds of her white satin dress. Her whole dress was in exquisite taste, and her manner, as she received her guests, was in thorough keeping with the gentle qualities of her heart.

Miss Kate Chase appeared, leaning on the arm of her father. She was attired in a dress of heavy blue silk, with a bunch of jessamines in her bosom, and her hair perfectly plain. Mrs. Baxton wore a beautifully falling dress of heavy black silk, relieved with loops of white ribbon with black edging—a semi-mourning. The exquisite taste displayed in her simple adornment was in pleasing contrast with the more gaudy and high-colored dresses around her. She was much admired, and many ladies sought an introduction to her. Mrs. Senator Chandler was dressed with great taste in crimson moire antique.

Mrs. Secretary Welles was becomingly dressed in a heavy dress of black velvet, with deep collar. She wore a rich head-dress of lace, with heavy folds falling over the temples.

About eleven o'clock General McClellan and his lovely wife entered the room and were immediately the stars of attraction.

General Fremont and Mrs. Jessie Fremont came in at almost the same time, and as they advanced towards the middle of the East room, President Lincoln stepped into their midst and introduced the Commander-in-Chief to the "Pathfinder."

They met for the first time, but, of course, needed no introduction. They grasped each other's hands, as brave men only can, and began a pleasant chat. In the meantime Mrs. McClellan and Mrs. Jessie Fremont were introduced, and in a few seconds seemed as though their friendship had begun in their girlhood.

Mrs. McClellan wore a rich robe of white satin, covered with white illusion, and trimmed with red velvet. Around the skirt were three narrow flounces, looped with red velvet flowers. She wore a veil of illusion falling over her shoulders.

Mrs. Fremont wore a dress of white tulle, very rich and full, with her hair perfectly plain, and looked very interesting.

Mrs. Senator Simmons wore a robe of heavy black velvet, with a head-dress of ostrich plumes.

Colonel Charles Biddle and lady were prominent; the latter wore a rich dress of canary satin, trimmed with roses and geranium leaves, and a head dress of the same. Judge Kelley and lady were also there; the latter wore a dark silk dress, which was very becoming.

Ex-Mayor Berrett and lady. The latter wore a dress of pure white tarletan, with ornaments.

Miss Stewart, niece of Assistant Secretary Scott, wore a beautiful dress of white tarletan, and on her head was a wreath of lillies of the valley.

Mrs. Senator Sherman wore a handsome necklace of pearls, set in black velvet, with pink silk dress, with flounces of white lace.

Mrs. Frederick Conkling wore a blue silk dress with two heavy flounces, and deep collar of point lace.

THE LONDON TIMES ON INTERFERENCE IN AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

[From the Times of Jan. 23rd.]

Mr. Massey belongs to that section of our public men to whom we look for sober and serious views of passing events. He is not a great rhetorician nor a man of very fervid imagination; but he is well-informed by historical study, and he has received the testimony of the House of Commons to his knowledge and assiduity, in his election to the post of Chairman of Committees. When, therefore, Mr. Massey goes down to meet his constituents, we expect a common-sense view of the present aspect of affairs, and when we remember that those constituents form part of the great Lancashire body of operatives who are now suffering from the high price of cotton and from the other consequences of the disorganized state of America, we are curious to see how far common sense will be acceptable to a population under such privations. From the information gathered by the Manchester Examiner we learn that throughout the manufacturing districts of the North there are at this moment 27,000 operatives entirely out of employment, and 161,000 working short time. It is not in the borough of Salford that this distress is most intense, but its population cannot be quiet beyond the influence of the events by which it has been caused. It is not wonderful, therefore, that the stoppage of the mills and the decline of trade were the only topics which interested both orator and audience, or that a silly attempt to interpose a discussion upon Reform was overborne at once by the general sense of the assembly. Wherever workmen and their representatives now meet, no other consideration can occupy them but the inquiry—how long is the world to be disturbed by this American war, and when again shall peace restore security to commerce and wages to industry?

We have for a long time looked upon the state of things now existing in America with no other object than impartially to weigh the merits and demerits of the parties engaged. We have in the excess of our English generosity seemed ashamed to calculate how our own national interests were affected by what was going on. We appear rather to have been seeking for a side with which we could sympathize, and, even while we were seeking in vain, were yet fain to admit that all our own inconveniences ought to be patiently borne for the sake of giving the combatants fair play. The time is rapidly approaching, however, when our patience will be put to a very inconvenient test. Our national business is disturbed by a cause which, although Mr. Massey is pleased to call it "a frightful war," seems to be destined alike of all the dignity and of all the interest of war. At first there was, indeed, a mustering to battle, and there was good reason that the nations should hold their breath and look on. But since the affair of Bull's Run, there has been no heroism, or danger, or real fighting among the millions of men in arms. The only real earnestness shown, has been in destroying the property of all mankind. The North destroys a harbor as an angry woman has sometimes smashed a looking-glass; and the Federal government keeps up a vexatious and ineffective blockade less with any hope of reducing the South, than for the splenetic purpose of making all the world share in her privations. In all this there has been nothing to excite our admiration, or our sympathy, or our terror, or our horror. What little respect we had for such combatants was, of course, in favor of the weaker side; but the Confederate slave owners did not attract us much towards them. It is exceedingly creditable to the self-denial and justice of our people, that during all this time our operative classes have suffered in silence. All our laboring population knew that, as Mr. Massey says, the cause of their sufferings was "a war in America which no man was able to understand—which had no beginning and no end—which had no cause, and would have no effect—and which had not been dignified with one glorious action;" but no one has yet called out to stop this war, to break this ineffective blockade, to prevent the wanton demolition of natural harbors, which are the common property of all who navigate these hurricane infested coasts. If America had been tried as we have been tried, can it be believed that her population would have remained so patient and so long suffering? If America had been tempted by the appearance of a patent illegality in one of our blockades, and had been offered the assistance of a powerful ally, will any one believe that the populace of New York, and the governors and judges at Boston, would have refrained from indignation meetings and riotous assemblages to compel their Government, if correction had been necessary, to take every advantage that offered itself? Yet, so far as we know, not a meeting has been held in Lancashire for pressing our government to interfere, and we believe there has been everywhere a resolution to let the matter proceed until the North had had a full and fair opportunity of regaining her empire over the South.

Either, however, this resolve is now giving way, or there is a conviction spreading that sufficient time has been afforded. Mr. Massey has just given voice to this feeling, now so widely spread among our operatives. When he addressed his constituents upon points of public policy, he was met by frequent interruptions and by many hostile cries, but when he asked "whether this inefficient and paper blockade was to be eternally respected," he united all his audience, and his question was answered by vociferous cheering, which no other portion of his speech had elicited. "It was notorious," said the speaker, "that the French Government had repeatedly and earnestly remonstrated with our Government to join with them in putting an end to that which was no blockade. [Applause.] Our Government, desiring rather to err on the side of what was strictly right and just than to have any imputation brought against them, had hitherto resisted the importunities of France. But how much longer was that to last? Was this inefficient and paper blockade to be eternally respected? ['No, no.'] Were we to submit to be starved? ['No.'] Were we to expect our great neighbor, France, to submit to be starved? ['No.'] Were we, in this year of 1862, for the sake of favoring a ferocious and frantic civil war, to allow the great ports of commerce to be closed, all the operations of trade to be suspended, credit to be deranged, unoffending persons to be subjected to unparalleled privations, and many of our poorer countrymen to be absolutely reduced to penury and starvation? ['No, no!' 'Three cheers for Mr. Massey.']" Those cheers at Salford, which is as Democratic a borough as any in England, and where the philo-American party of other days mustered strong, tell pretty clearly what is going on among our masses. We can hear the whistling of the rising wind. If this war is to last we shall soon have an agitation, both out of doors and in the House of Commons, and pressure put upon the Government, for a direct interference to break the blockade.

We should deplore any such agitation and lament its success. England has behaved with such disinterested patience and with such impartial neutrality in this great matter that it would be neither right nor politic in her to throw away in a moment the character she has deserved at such self sacrifice. Let France interfere if she pleases. France interfered once before to give independence to the United States, and she is welcome to do the same good service to the Confederates. Our true policy is to suffer a little longer, and let the event work itself out. It will not be long. It may, indeed, be doubtful whether our interference would not rather retard than hasten the desired event of opened ports and a large supply of cotton. Let it never be said by the next generation of Anglo-Saxon Americans that they were once united in a powerful nation, but that England, urged only by a malevolent jealousy, had violently divided them, and had taken advantage of what but for her would have been a transitory discord to sunder them for ever. No one can tell what the result of such an interference might be either now or hereafter, but every one can see what must be the certain end of this torpid war of exhaustion if left to itself. Let us, then, pursue our honest policy of standing quite aloof. Our sympathies our moral influence, our public opinion, our diplomacy are all free; we may bestow them as we please; but let us not fire a gun upon that coast. Better to refuse to see any inefficiency in blockades, better even to endure anything which with decent self respect we dare endure, rather than go armed into this quarrel. It cannot now last long; the bubble is swelling every moment. Stand aside, Mr. Massey, and let it burst.

GENERAL BUELL FORTIFYING HIS POSITION.—A Munfordsville letter to the Cincinnati Gazette says:—"Gen. Buell, viewing defeat as a *possible* contingency, is now fortifying the north bank of Green river. It is said that siege guns are to be mounted here. It has been well said that 'that general who will not entertain the possibility of a defeat, is no general at all. When the grand advance comes off, it may possibly be discovered that the reckoning of our Generals was at fault; our enemy may out-number us; he may out-general us; a panic may overtake our troops; if any of these, or other contingencies, derogatory to the success of our arms, should occur without some fortified point to fall back upon, rebel banners might be seen floating on the Ohio. It is now quite evident that Green river is to be this Gibraltar. Nature has done much toward making it a strong point, and a little labor will suffice to render it invulnerable against any force. The buildings being erected here also indicate that it is to be a place of permanent occupation. It will doubtless be made a general depot for army stores, and with the aid of fortifications, a comparatively small force can guard them."

THE INDIANA QUAKERS.—The following occurred not many weeks since in the Quaker town of Richmond, Indiana:—

A wealthy Quaker, whose four beautiful horses were the admiration of the place, was asked to aid pecuniarily in the formation of a regiment of cavalry. He replied, "Friend, thee knowest that I cannot give thee money or horses for *war—war is wicked*—but as for my four horses, it is true that *two* will serve my needs; and, friend, I will say this to thee, that my stable door is not locked; and if I see thee on one of my horses, and my friend James on ano her, I will *keep the peace towards both.*" The stable door *was* found unlocked, and the Quaker did not go before the magistrate when two of his fine horses were missing. *Three-fourths of the above regiment are Quakers, who go "to keep the peace."*

THE REBEL FLAG OF TRUCE.—Official authority says that there is no truth in the report that the despatches brought here by the late rebel flag of truce relates to the execution of Colonel Corcoran, and other prisoners, if the bridge burners in Missouri are hanged. The true nature of the despatches has not yet been disclosed, but it is reported that the rebel bearers of the flag have returned to Richmond with an answer. The mysterious communication is still an object of surmise. The contents of it have not yet been divulged.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour has been firmer and more active. The transactions reach some 22,000 bbls in lots at $5,20@5,25 for mixed and straight superfine; $5,31½@5,50 for common; $5,62½@5,75 for good extras, the latter Lancaster county); and $5,70@6 for common Western and choice Penna; 300 bbls Rye Flour at $4,75@5; and 300 bbls middlings at $3,75@4 ₱ bbl; the bulk of the sales were of extra and extra family. The sales to the trade have been limited within the above range of prices for superfine and extras, and from $6,25 to 6,75 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is dull and selling in a small way only at $3,50@3,62½ ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is not inquired for, Penna is offered at $3 ₱ bbl without finding buyers.

GRAIN—There has been a good shipping demand for Wheat during the past week, and prices, under fair receipts, are fully 3c better, with sales of 70,000 bus to note at $1,21@1,23 for spring; $1,30@1,38 for common to choice Western and Penna reds, mostly at $1,34@1,36, and $1,40 to 1,47 for white, including some prime Kentucky at the highest figures, all in store. Rye is rather firmer, and Penna has been taken more freely on arrival at 72@73c. Corn comes in slowly and meets with a limited demand at about previous rates, with sales of 25,000 bus new yellow at 56@57c in store and afloat, including several lots badly damaged at 21c. Oats are unchanged, Penna selling in lots as wanted at 35@35½c in store. Barley is firm, with sales of some 5500 bus at 70@85c, the latter for prime New York. Of white Beans, sales to some extent have been made at $2,12½@2,15 ₱ bus.

PROVISIONS—The demand for barrelled meats is better, with small sales at $12@12,75 for Western and city mess Pork, and $12@14 ₱ bbl for mess Beef, the latter city packed. A sale of mess Pork is also reported for future delivery at $13. Dressed Hogs are quoted at $4@4½ ₱ the 100 lbs with sales at the former rate. Bacon moves off slowly at 6@8 cents for Hams; 4½@6 cents for Sides; and 4@4½ cts for Shoulders. Of Green Meats the sales are also limited at 5@6c for Hams, in salt and pickle, 4½@5½c for Sides, and 3½@4c for Shoulders. Lard is unchanged, with further sales of 1,500 tcs and bbls at 7½@8c, and 800 kegs at 7½@8½c, the former for country packed. Butter is steady at 8@10c for packed, and 13@15c for roll. Cheese is inactive, and eggs are selling at 14c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The market for this staple continues dull and unsettled. The week's sales include a few small lots within the range of 30@33c, cash, for ordinary to middling and good middling quality.

ASHES—Both kinds are firm, with about the usual business to note at quotations.

BARK—There is little or no Quercitron offering or selling, and 1st No. 1 is wanted at a further advance, small sales having been made at $33@33,50 ₱ ton, at which rates it is scarce.

BEES-WAX—There is very little selling, but good yellow is scarce at 32@33c ₱ lb.

COAL—The market is quiet, and prices the same. There is very little going east, and for home use the sales are also limited.

COFFEE—There is very little stock in first hands, and the market is firm but quiet. The sales only reach about 900 bags, in small lots, at 18½@22c for Rio, 22½c for Laguayra, and 17½@18½c for Triage cash and time.

COPPER—There is no alteration in price or demand, and a limited business doing in Yellow Metal, at 25c, on time.

FEATHERS are dull, good western selling in lots, as wanted, at 36@38c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Sales are moderate, at $3@4 for Green Apples; $7@8 ₱ bbl for Cranberries. Dried Fruits move off more freely at 6@7c for Apples, and 7@10c ₱ lb for unpared Peaches. Dried Peaches are scarce.

HAY is firmer, good Timothy selling at 75@85c the 100 lbs.

HEMP—There is little or none offering or selling, and the market is firm, the stock being mostly in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS are steady, with moderate sales of Eastern and Western at 18@22c ₱ lb.

IRON—The market is quiet, the firmness of holders awaiting the operations in Pig Metal to some 600 tons Anthracite, in lots, at fully former rates. Of Scotch Pig we hear of no sales. Bars and Rails continue in request, and prices, of the former especially, tend upward.

LEAD—There is little or no stock here to operate in, and we hear of nothing doing.

LUMBER—The market is quiet, and without any alteration to note in price or demand.

MOLASSES—Holders are firm in their views, but there is not much activity in the market. A cargo of new crop Cardenas sold at 24c, on time, 100 bbls Muscovado at 26@27c. 150 bbls Syrup at 32@33c, and 100 bbls New Orleans at 48c, the latter cash.

PLASTER—There is none arriving, and in the absence of sales, we quote soft nominally at $2,25 ₱ ton.

RICE—There is very little doing in Carolina and the market is quiet at 7@7¾c ₱ lb. A sale of 500 bags of East India was made in another market on terms kept private.

SEEDS—There has been more Cloverseed offering; sales and resales comprise about 2,500 bushels, in lots, at $4@4,62½, the bulk of the sales were at $4@4,25 ₱ bushel, at which rate it left off dull. Timothy is quiet at $1,75@2, and Flaxseed is rather higher, selling at $2,15@2,20 ₱ bushel.

SPIRITS—There is no change in Brandy or Gin, and but little doing in the way of sales. N E Rum is steady at 32@33. Whiskey is rather lower; bbls selling more freely at 23@24; hhds 23½c, and drudge at 22c.

SUGAR has been very dull, with a small business only to note at about previous rates, including some 250 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 7½@8¼c, on the usual credit.

TALLOW is quiet, city rendered selling slowly at 9½@9¾c, and country at 8¾c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO—There is very little stock to operate in, and but little movement in either Leaf or Manufactured.

WOOL—The market generally remains very quiet, and prices without any quotable change.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1235 head. Prices varying from 7 to 8½c ₱ lb. 60 Cows were sold at from $20 to 32 ₱ head. 3300 head of Sheep were disposed of at from $4,25 to 5,00 nett. 4000 Hogs brought from $4,25 to 5,00 ₱ cwt, nett.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Thursday evening, Jan. 30, by the Rev. R. Jeffrey, D. D., JOSEPH B. PHIPPS, to HENRIETTA KATE, daughter of John Phillips, Esq. both of this city.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Blackwood, Mr. JAMES KERR, to Miss ANN E. CURTIS, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, THOMAS S. WELSH, to REBECCA SMITHSON, of Coatesville, Pa.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. E. T. Keuney, REUBEN IRELAND, to Miss LYDIA TOWNSEND, both of this city.

On the 1st of Aug. last, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, Mr. JOHN W. WOOLSTON, to Miss ELEANOR A. HALBACH, both of this city.

On the 16th of Jan., by the Rev. Mr. Willits, Mr. GEORGE W. GREAM, to Miss MARGARET J. BOYD, both of this city.

On the 10th of Dec., 1861, by the Rev. George Diehl, JOHN C. MILLER, to REBECCA T. WRIGHT, at Frederick, Maryland.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 2d instant, SAMUEL C. ATKINSON, in his 66th year.

On the 7th instant, the Rev. J. B. RIPLEY, late pastor of the Eastburn Mariners' Bethel, in his 38th year.

On the 3d instant, JAMES BARRATT, Sr. in his 65th year.

On the 2d instant, MARY C. wife of Saml. Millikeu, in her 70th year.

On Wednesday afternoon, the 5th instant, Mrs. SARAH CAMPBELL, wife of Jos. S. Randall.

On Wednesday morning, 5th instant, KETURAH G. relict of the late Jacob M. THOMAS.

On the 3d instant, Miss ANNIE HELAND, in her 22d year.

On the 2d instant, JOSEPH H. LENTZ, in his 33d year.

On the 4th instant, ELIZABETH E. PAYRAN, wife of Stephen Payran, Sr. in her 82d year.

On Tuesday morning, 4th instant, ELLIS M. BABE, daughter of Geo. and Matilda Babe, in her 19th year.

Jan. 31st, CONRAD KELLER, one of the defenders of North Point, aged 71 years.

On the 2d instant, Mr. ISAAC WRIGHT, in his 64th year.

On the 31st ultimo, Mrs. LOUISA, wife of Geo. W. Young, aged 41 years.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 89 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, February 8, 1862.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	10 to 50 dis.
Canada	1 dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	1 dis.	New Hampshire	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	2 dis.	New Jersey	par to 1 dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	par.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	1 dis.
Illinois	2½ to 7 dis.	North Carolina	20 dis.
Indiana	1 to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	2 dis.	Ohio	1 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to 1 dis.
Kentucky	2 to 20 dis.	Rhode Island	1 dis.
Louisiana	50 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	1 to 2 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	1 dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	1½ dis.	Virginia	5 to 25 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	3½ to 75 dis.
Mississippi	—		

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EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR AND VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

The *nineteenth* volume of the HOME MAGAZINE begins with the number for January, 1862. In all respects, the work will continue to maintain the high ground assumed from the beginning. Our purpose has been to give a Magazine that would unite the attractions of *choice and elegant literature with high moral aims*, and teach useful lessons to men, women and children in all degrees of life: a Magazine that a husband might bring home to his wife, a brother to his sisters, a father to his children, and feel absolutely certain that in doing so, he placed in their hands only what could do them good.

All the Departments, heretofore made prominent in the work, will be sustained by the best talent at command. The Literary Department, the Health and Mothers' Departments, the Toilette, Work-Table and Housekeeping Departments, the Children's Department, &c., &c., will all present, month after month, their pages of attractive and useful reading. Elegant engravings will appear in every number, including the Fashions, and a variety of Needlework Patterns.

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2.—THE SOLDIER IN LOVE.
3.—DOUBTS.
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Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. Do not allow your cold to take its own course. Two-thirds of the victims of Consumption owe their afflictions to the fatal mistake of "waiting for a cough to get well of itself." Do not fall into this error, but avail yourself at once of a remedy which twenty-five years' experience has demonstrated is certain to procure a speedy cure.

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Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. This wide-spread disease, which may be generally described as an inflammation of the mucous chain which lines the inside of the wind tubes or air vessels, spreading through every part of the lungs, is often mistaken for Consumption. The Expectorant subdues this inflammation, relieves the attending cough; pain, and difficulty of breathing, and, if the case is not of too long standing, will certainly produce a cure.

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Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. It cleanses the lungs from all irritating matters, while at the same time, it heals and invigorates them. Of all the remedies which have been offered the public for this dread disease, none have stood the test of time, or maintained so universal a popularity, as this Expectorant. Thousands who have been given up by their physicians as incurable, have been restored to perfect health by its use, and their testimony must carry conviction to all who read it.

HAVE YOU PLEURISY?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. By taking two or three large doses in the early stages of the disease, in quick succession, and covering up warmly in bed, this preparation acts as a sudorific or sweating medicine, and subdues the inflammation at the outset.

HAVE YOU WHOOPING COUGH?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. There is no remedy which so effectually overcomes this disease as the Expectorant. What parent can witness the sufferings of her children from this distressing complaint, without doing all in her power for their relief? What medicine so pleasant to the taste, or so certain to produce immediate benefit? Give it a trial, then, and let it prove its efficacy.

HAVE YOU CROUP?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. Children are subject to no disease more sudden in its attacks, or, in the absence of prompt relief, none more fatal in its results, than Croup. Parents, therefore, should keep at hand a remedy sure and thorough. Such a remedy may be found in the Expectorant, and every careful mother will keep a supply by her.

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Is a standard medicine. For twenty-five years it has been before the public, and during this period its curative powers have been testified to by all classes of people in all quarters of the world. Physicians, clergymen, lawyers, merchants and mechanics, have experienced its remedial effects, and have furnished us with their testimony, and it may be found at length in our Almanac. To their convincing certificates we would refer the doubting.

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PURE AND SAFE!

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House

Wit and Humor.

THE DECLARATION.

Upon his knees young Walter to
Fair Floral did reveal
The tender passion that his heart
No longer could conceal.

Her downcast eyes, and cheeks suffused
With rose-hued blushes, seemed
To speak the endearing word of which
So long he'd fondly dreamed.

His feeling told, half timidly
Her hand in his she laid,
And at her lover's urgent prayer
To speak to him, thus said:

"'Tis true I love you—" "Thanks,
A thousand thanks!" said her lover,
"Indeed I love you, Walter,
But—'tis only as a brother!"

A HARD QUESTION TO ANSWER.

Messrs. Mitchell, Brittan, and Rosselle, landlords of the three principal hotels in Albany, N. Y., Congress Hall, Stanwix Hall, and the Delavan House, chanced, some time since, to meet together in a smoking-car, on their way from Saratoga, where they had been to pass Sunday. As they were sitting and talking sociably together, a tall, Western-looking individual approached, and asked if either of the gentlemen were acquainted in Albany.

"Yes," was the reply, "we all live there."

"Well, then, gentlemen," said the stranger, "perhaps you will tell me *which is the best hotel* in the place, as I am going to stop there, and have never been to the city before."

The trio could scarce keep countenance at this inquiry, which was made in perfect good faith by the querist, who had not the least idea who the persons were he was addressing.

"Sir," said mine host Mitchell, "for more than twenty years past, Congress Hall, in Albany, has been known and recognized as the leading first-class hotel in Albany."

"Well," remarked Brittan, with a satisfied air, "Congress Hall may be a leading hotel, but for good, solid comfort give me Stanwix Hall. *I always stop at Stanwix Hall when I am in Albany.*"

"Sir," remarked Roesalle, as the questioner turned to him for a final opinion, "you have applied to the best people possible to direct you to a hotel. That gentleman (pointing to Mitchell) keeps Congress Hall; this one (to Brittan) Stanwix Hall, and I myself the Delavan House. They are the three best hotels in Albany. But I will guarantee now that, after this interview, if you go and stop at either one of them a month, you will wish at the end of that time you had gone to one of the others."

"Very likely, stranger," said the traveller. "Much obliged to you for the information, and I reckon I'll commence at the Delavan."
—*Com. Bulletin.*

THE JUDGE TAKEN DOWN.—Lawyer Simmons was the greatest wag of the day, but was blessed with the most solemn visage that man ever saw in a member of the bar, and woe to the lawyer or judge that attempted to bandy words with him. Between him and Judge P——, who, by the way, was not considered a Solomon, existed no friendly feelings, and the judge would not grant him a favor if he could avoid it. On one occasion S—— wanted a continuance of a certain case, and the Judge refused it. S—— argued that certain circumstances gave him the right to claim it.

"Don't you know that we know nothing about these circumstances?" replied the Judge.

"Well, your honor, I think the Court might be presumed to know these facts."

"The Court, brother S——, is not presumed to know anything."

With a most courteous bow, and a graceful wave of the hand, S—— replied: "I am perfectly aware of that fact, your honor;" and took his seat amid a burst of laughter from both bar and audience.

THE CALIFORNIA CHESS CHAMPION.—A chess champion has sprung up at Oroville, California, according to the papers from the Pacific coast, who bids fair to knock Paul Morphy into the cocked hat which he deserves to be since accepting a command in the Confederate army. It is nothing strange, however—California *will* raise the "biggest things," from turnips to stories, and we can't stop her. This young chess hero, according to the Butte Democrat, recently played blindfolded against thirteen competitors at once, and won every game. In proof that he could not see, we quote from the Democrat:—"He was placed in the dungeon-room of our building, which, by the way, is entirely underground, his back facing the window, and a dozen black handkerchiefs over his eyes, and the whole person enshrouded in three black blankets, and they again covered in a black oil cloth; and then added to all this, to render vision absolutely impossible, the remainder of the room was filled with black cats." We should like to see the infidel who could doubt that story—especially the latter part of it!

NOT SANCTIFIED.—A traitor Methodist preacher, who married in Harford county, Md., recently fled from Virginia, and returned to Harford. Having occasion to visit the store of a Quaker in the neighborhood, our divine began to utter treasonable sentiments. Friend Drab-cloth could not stand it.

"Thee shall not talk so in my store," said the Friend; "thee left thy friends and came here: thee shall go out of my store, or I will put thee out, and thrash thee afterward."

"I thought," said the preacher, "Quakers didn't fight."

"Sanctified Quakers do not fight," said Broadbrim, "but I am not sanctified, and thee must go out."

Our divine left.

☞ The best thing for a short young lady to do—get "spliced."

ANECDOTES OF CURTIS, CHAPIN, AND STORRS.

It seems strange that one can in this country always recognize an Englishman, by something in his phrases or pronunciation, even though he does not belong to the class who take such liberties with the unfortunate letter *h*. I suppose an American is equally recognizable in England. "The Howadji," who, I believe, sometimes contributes to your pages, tells a couple of good stories upon himself, which illustrate this:—

After the completion of his Eastern tour he went to London. He entered a shop to procure an article to cover his head. The purchase having been made, the shopman remarked—

"Beg pard'n, S'r; an Hamerican gent, I hobserve; been in Hingland long?"

"Why do you take me for an American?" asked the Howadji, who rather prided himself upon being a cosmopolitan.

"Yes's'r, beg pard'n, S'r; I hobserved that you said *a hat;* beg pard'n, S'r, but in Lunnon we commonly say *han At.*"

His speech betrayed the American; but he thought himself safe from detection, when, the day after, he visited Moses's famous clothing mart, wearing the "tile" which he had purchased; for surely nobody but an Englishman would wear one of the shocking fabrications of the London hatters; the Duke of Newcastle's was not worse when he acted as mentor to the Prince of Wales on his American tour. In fact, the Howadji thought he might pass for the heir of a dukedom. At the entrance of the immense room, crowded with customers, he intimated to a "floor walker" of the Hebrew persuasion, attired most gorgeously to behold, that he wished that article of attire usually worn between the shirt and the coat, designating it by its this-side-of-the-Atlantic name of "vest."

"'Ere, 'Enery!" shouted the walker at the top of his voice, to a shopman at the extremity of the room, "show this Hamerican gent the *flowery veskits!*"

One word had betrayed him as an American; and the Hebrew, believing that all Americans were savages, and knowing that savages were fond of gay garments, jumped to the conclusion that "flowery veskits" must be adapted to the taste of his presumably savage customer.

I must give you another anecdote of the Howadji. I doubt if he tells this himself; but it is true, nevertheless. He is, as you know, a favorite lecturer, and was to deliver the concluding lecture of the season in a thriving New England town. The Chairman of the Committee introduced the speaker to his audience thus:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—This is the concluding lecture of the course. The Committee regret that, owing to the late period when the organization was formed, they have not been able to secure the services of any good lecturers. The closing lecture of the course will now be delivered by George William Curtis, Esq., whom I now introduce to you. Next year we hope to present to you better lecturers."

Speaking of lecturers, what a collection of anecdotes might be made up from their experiences! The Rev. Dr. Chapin is, upon the platform, very ornate in style and animated in delivery. After one of his brilliant bursts, the audience broke out into loud applause. Silence was restored, and the speaker was on the point of proceeding, when a vinegar-faced dame just in front rose and said, loud enough for all to hear.

"I'm a-goin'. I didn't give my money to come to a theayter."

Quite different was a criticism upon the Rev. Dr. Storrs, who is very elegant in diction and quiet in manner.

"The Doctor may be a very larned man," said one dame to another: "I dare say he is; but he don't tear round enough to suit me."—*Harper's Magazine.*

NO SABBATH FOR PREACHERS.

Rev. H. Ward Beecher seems to doubt that the ministers have any "day of rest." He says:—"It seems like a perpetual sarcasm to hear these overworked men thanking God for the day of *rest!* Rest? Why, half the ministers sat up half the night of Saturday to prepare their sermons; they rose on Sunday with throbbing temples; they wrought in their studies till the bell's toll; they officiate in the most exhausting services for an hour and a half. They rest one or two hours, and then return for another exhausting service of like duration; and at evening, being now strung up to the highest nervous tension, conduct an evening prayer-meeting, or perhaps preach a third time. Then the man lies awake all night, sleeps a few hours on Monday morning, and on Monday afternoon or Tuesday wakes up in the purgatory of ministers' blue Monday! This is charmingly entitled a Day of Rest! And like to it is the service of many a man and woman, overtasked in brain and nerve all the week, and then, on the day of *rest*, working harder than any other day of the seven! The fact is, that church labors are so arranged, that the overworked are tasked still more, and the indolent do nothing at all. There is a vast amount of pulpit desecration of the Sabbath, and Sunday-school violation of God's laws of rest, and of church disregard of a Christian observance.

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.—The house will be kept in turmoil where there is no toleration of each other's errors. If you lay a single stick of wood on the grate and apply the fire to it, it will go out; put on another stick and they will burn; and a half dozen sticks and you will have a blaze. If one member of the family gets into a passion, and is let alone, he will cool down, and may possibly be ashamed and repent. But oppose temper to temper; pile on all the fuel; draw in others of the group, and let one harsh answer be followed by another, and there will soon be a blaze that will enwrap them all.

☞ CRUELTY.—Bourcicault has cut up his Octoroon.

ART AT A CATTLE SHOW.

FIRST SMALL BOY.—"I say, Bill, what's he a doing of?"

SECOND DITTO.—"Can't you see he's a taking that old gent's picture, and *isn't* it like him?"

CHINESE ARTESIAN WELLS.—The Chinese have from time immemorial practised the boring of artesian wells, and according to missionaries there are several of them in the province of Ou-Tong-Kiao, of a depth of 1,093 yards. Some of these wells, however, instead of water, give inflammable gas. These astonishing depths are attained by means which are extraordinarily simple. A sharp-pointed cylinder in cast-iron, grooved outside, and hollow within, weighing from 220 lbs. to 660 lbs., and about three and a quarter feet in height and eight inches in diameter, is employed. It is suspended by a rope from a pole fixed horizontally by one end, the other end being free. Two men seat themselves at the end of the pole, and cause it to oscilate in such a manner as to make the cylinder at the end of the rope to act somewhat like a pestle in a mortar. A mark on the cord indicates the degree of depth which the cylinder has penetrated, and when the latter has sunk about four inches it is drawn up with the earth it has collected. By its external grooves the loose earth is carried up to the orifice, where it falls into the interior of the cylinder, thus serving both as a borer and a scoop.

GENIUS DEVELOPED BY ACCIDENT.—There have been very popular writers who were brought out by accident. They did not know what precious vein of thought they had at command, till they stumbled upon it as if by chance, like the Indian at the mines of Potosi. It is not much we know of Shakspeare, but it seems certain that it was in patching up old plays for acting, that he discovered within himself a capacity for producing that which men will not easily let die. When a young military man, disheartened with the service, sought for an appointment as an Irish commissioner of excise, and was sadly disappointed because he did not get it, it is probable that he had as little idea as any one else had that he possessed that aptitude for the conduct of the war which was to make him the Duke of Wellington.

PRAISE AND BLAME.—Praise is exceedingly grateful to human nature. It is an acknowledgment of certain bodily or mental excellencies which are possessed by the persons to whom the commendation is addressed. It is useful in a moderate degree—the excess alone is injurious. Praise brightens our prospects and exhilerates our feelings; it is like the cheerful sun on the harvest day, which encourages the laborers. But blame is like the gathering clouds of a winter evening, which darken and perplex the foolish wanderer. If praise be carried to the extreme, it becomes flattery; if blame be carried further than it ought, it becomes scandal—and both are unjust.

☞ An eccentric old gentleman died suddenly of apoplexy in the Tuileries Garden in Paris, the other day. In his will he provided that after death his face was to be coated over with pitch, his mouth and nostrils to be hermetically sealed, and an incision made in his heart. He left a little fortune of £600 a year. His monomania was the fear of coming to life again after interment.

Agricultural.

CULTIVATION OF STRAWBERRIES.

At the late meeting of the Fruit-Growers Association of Western New York at Rochester, Rev. J. Knox, of Pittsburg, Pa.,—whose fame is spread through all the land as a strawberry cultivator—was present, and by request gave the following remarks, as reported by the Rural New-Yorker, in regard to his practice with this fruit, to which he devotes fifty acres of land:—

He considers a rather light clay soil preferable to a sandy soil, for strawberries. The first work in its preparation is thorough drainage, next breaking up or pulverizing from twenty to twenty-four inches in depth. This is effected by the plough alone. First use an ordinary plough, with two horses, followed by Mapes's lifter, a kind of sub-soil plough, with two yokes of oxen. Give the ground several ploughings in different directions, until it is well broken up and pulverized. Could produce two or three very good crops on land ploughed in the ordinary way, eight or ten inches, but on that two feet deep could obtain ten or twelve crops in succession. Strawberries do not require much manure. Any good wheat or corn land is good enough for strawberries. Plant in rows thirty inches apart, and the plants ten inches apart in the rows, making twenty thousand plants to the acre. When he commenced strawberry culture, Mr. K. ploughed between the rows, but latterly has discarded all implements in his strawberry plantations except the hoe. Weeds are taken out by hand. The less the soil is disturbed after planting the better, as the whole ground is covered with a network of small fibrous roots. Never allows the vines to bear the first year planted, but picks off all the fruit-stems and runners, and removes the runners every year that the plant is fruited. Prefers setting out early in the spring. Protects the plants in the winter by wheat or rye straw, thrashed with the flail. Oat straw is not heavy enough and blows off. Plants bear much better for this protection. The straw is removed in the spring, and placed around the plants as a mulch, and helps a little towards furnishing manure. One-half the straw is wasted each year, and needs to be supplied every autumn. Two tons to the acre is about the right quantity of straw to commence with, but after that, one ton of new straw each season will answer.

Varieties that succeed in some soils and situations, fail in others. The Hovey is good in Boston, and Mr. K. has seen it good in Cleveland, but with him it never succeeded. Some varieties seem to run out after culture a number of years. Pistillate varieties do better when impregnated with some staminate sorts, than with others. On this subject he is trying experiments. The strawberry season ought to be lengthened. It is usually about three weeks, but with proper selection of sorts, can be extended to five weeks. The sorts Mr. K. liked best were the following:—

Early—Baltimore Scarlet, Jenny Lind, Burr's New Pine.

Late—Trollopes's Victoria, Kitley's Goliah, Nimrod, Buists's Prize.

Medium—Brighton Pine, Boston Pine, McAvoy's Superior, Scott's Seedling, Moyamensing, Downer's Prolific, Fillmore, Golden Seeded, British Queen, Vicomtesse Hericart de Thury, Wilson's Albany, Triomphe de Gand.

For a general crop, Wilson's Albany and Triomphe de Gand are the most profitable. The latter is the strawberry of all strawberries, and possesses all the excellences that can be desired—productive, beautiful, large, of fine quality, berries shipping well, and the plants are hardy. It is not as productive as the Wilson, but an acre will bring more money. Sent them to Cleveland, Chicago, Philadelphia, and New York. Received orders from New York for more than his whole crop. If confined to one strawberry he would plant the Triomphe de Gand. Although not quite so productive as the Wilson, he could say with safety, that it produces more than 300 bushels to the acre. For canning, the Wilson is preferred. The only manure used is well-rotted stable manure. The same plant, if the runners are kept off, will bear ten years. A good many crowns will start and cluster around the original plant, each bearing a fruit stem, and all producing a very large amount of fruit.

SCREWING ON NUTS.—We have sometimes known nuts on threshing machines, circular saws, &c., to be found so tight that no wrench would remove them. This was because they had been held in the hand till they became warm, and being then applied to very cold screws in winter, they contracted by cooling after on, and thus held the screw with an immoveable grasp. Always avoid putting a warm nut on a cold screw; and to remove it, apply a large heated iron in contact with the nut, so as to heat and expand it, and it will loosen at once—or a cloth wet with boiling water will accomplish the same purpose.—*Country Gentleman.*

AN EASY MODE OF REDUCING BONES TO POWDER.

James S. Grennell, Esq., of Greenfield, practises dissolving bones by a method which seems worthy of notice from its simplicity and convenience. Casks having each but one head are provided; a layer of bones six inches or seven inches thick placed on the bottom; then strong, unbleached wood-ashes are spread over the bones to the thickness of two inches or more. The casks are filled in this way, taking care to have a pretty good thickness of ashes at the top to prevent the exhalation of ammonia. The process of thus packing the bones goes on through the season, as ashes accumulate in the house, and they remain in the casks till spring, when the casks are emptied, and the bones are found to be generally well pulverised, or so soft that they can easily be broken as fine as desired. The mixed bones and ashes are excellent manure for most crops, and especially for fruit crops. The power of the wood ashes to reduce the bones to a powder must be owing to the caustic potash which they contain; therefore, as it would be difficult in this coal-consuming country to obtain wood-ashes in sufficient abundance, the cultivator desiring to pulverise bones for manure might sprinkle them over with potash in powder; or mix some potash with charred vegetable refuse, and pack this mixture in layers, alternating with layers of bones, as directed by Mr. Grennell. We are quite aware that by thus using potash, the phosphate of lime in the bones is converted into phosphate of potash; but we are also aware that this salt in some soils is more useful as a manure than phosphate of lime. Professor Johnston observes of the phosphates of potash that they are "perhaps very generally present in the soil in minute quantities; and there is every reason to believe that could they be applied to the land in a sufficiently economical form, they would, in many cases, act in a most favorable way upon vegetation."

Useful Receipts.

DOUGHNUTS.—The Boston Evening Gazette furnishes the following recipe for frying doughnuts:—

"Dipping doughnuts, before frying, into well-beaten eggs, covers them with albumen and effectually keeps out the grease."

Our "women folks" suggest a less expensive and troublesome method of effecting the same object, viz.: mixing the albumen of the egg with the other ingredients of the dough when it is made up. Try it.

TO PREVENT TOOLS FROM RUSTING.—Thousands of dollars are lost each year by the rusting of ploughs, hoes, shovels, &c. Some of this might be prevented by the application of lard and resin, it is said, to all steel or iron implements. Take three times as much lard as resin, and melt them together. This can be applied with a brush or cloth to all surfaces in danger of rusting, and they can easily be kept bright. If tools are to be laid by for the winter, give them a coating of this, and you will be well repaid. It can be kept for a long time, and should always be on hand, and ready for use.

RECEIPTS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Directions for a wall that has been whitewashed previous to papering:—There must be a solution of ½ lb. glue to 1 gallon of water; boiled, and put on with a whitewash brush. One gallon is enough for a room 20 feet square. If you paper with any of the "unvarnished" wood papers, use the same. In both cases let the sizing get perfectly dry before covering the wall, or varnishing the paper. For the latter, use furniture varnish.

HOW TO PAPER A WALL.—Cut off the right side of the pieces, measure one the height of the wall; cut up one piece in lengths, leaving an odd piece for windows. Have a pine table, across which lay several of the lengths. Begin to paste by laying the one nearest to you to the edge; paste it well all over; double it to within half a yard of the top; carry it there, and have a clean towel over your shoulder; match the figure first at the ceiling, and use the cloth to smooth it as you pass your hand over the whole width; let the ends of the double part now fall, and keep on down smoothing as you go, till at the wash-board; cut off the paper to fit snugly. When you wish to turn a corner, measure what is wanted; after wetting, cut the two ends a bit, and crease it between the ends on the edge of the table. Now you are ready for the border, when the room is covered. Cut it into lengths of 1½ yards, paste it, and go up the ladder with towel; be sure you are careful, matching it as it belongs.

PASTE.—Mix wheat flour in a pail with tepid water. Pour boiling water on this, and it will thicken. Before you begin the room, paste at all the ins and outs of the woodwork little bits of paper. Papering a room is much less trouble and fatiguing than many women imagine; and there are cases where it will be found a great convenience to feel assured of success.

ANECDOTE OF A GATE.—A correspondent of the Home Journal, writing of gates, tells this anecdote:—I once passed through a door-yard gate which did, unintentionally, give an indication of the designer's character. The gate was a common one, shut by a chain and ball; but the post to which the inner end of the chain was attached was carved and painted in the likeness of a negro, with one hand raised to his cocked hat, and the other extended to welcome you in. As you opened the gate toward you in going in, the negro post-pointer bent toward you, by a joint in his back, fairly bowing you in. Upon letting the gate go, a spring in his legs "brought him up standing" again, ready for the next comer. This faithful fellow performed the amiable for his master for many years, without reward, except now and then a coat—of paint; but finally died of a rheumatic back, contracted in his master's service.

The Riddler.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 32 letters.

My 1, 2, 32, 33, 19, is a place mentioned in the Bible.
My 2, is sometimes a vowel and sometimes a consonant.
My 3, 9, 13, 7, 10, 27, is the name of a prophet.
My 4, 12, 27, 28, 16, 3, 10, 27, is a book of the Old Testament.
My 5, 22, 29, 7, 10, 24, 27, is one who David slew.
My 6, 2, 33, 17, 10, is one who listened to Paul.
My 7, 9, 31, 13, 28, 6, 21, 26, 12, 9, are those who were driven out of Egypt.
My 8, 28, 20, 12, 31, is a book of the New Testament.
My 9, 13, 31, 19, 27, was the mother of Isaac.
My 10, 16, 25, 9, is one who was among the herdsmen of Tekoa.
My 11, 28, 32, is a sea mentioned in the Bible.
My 12, 5, 28, 26, is where Joseph was buried.
My 13, 16, 23, 15, 4, was the first born of a great King.
My 14, 7, 14, 1, 28, is a book which we should all study.
My 15, 27, 7, 23, is one of the United States.
My 16, 10, 31, 2, is one who Jesus loved.
My 17, 33, 25, 1, 9, is what we should not bow before.
My 18, 15, 10, 27, is one who built the ark.
My 19, 4, 10, 16, is a division of India.
My 20, 3, 5, 12, 31, is a beast of prey.
My 21, 9, 13, 7, 10, 27, is a book in the holy Scriptures.
My 22, 14, 10, 32, 21, 19, 27, is a prophet who had a vision.
My 23, 10, 24, 27, 13, 4, is one who reproved David.
My 24, 28, 16, 8, 29, 12, is what Solomon built.
My 25, 14, 28, is a river in the Russian Empire.
My 26, 21, 16, 22, 20, 27, 2, is one who studied the Scriptures.
My 27, 15, 0, 28, 19, is the son of Beeri.
My 28, 0, 21, is one who died of grief.
My 29, 15, 8, 18, 22, 31, is a lake in Asia.
My 30, 23, 12, 5, 10, is a river in Europe.
My 31, 12, 2, 28, 9, is a lake in South America.
My 32, 12, 28, 31, is an island in the United States.

My whole is one of the proverbs of Solomon.

GEORGE W. MARTER.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.

My 17, 14, 7, 18, is a woman's name.
My 1, 2, 13, 17, 6, 23, is a river in Europe.
My 3, 11, 16, 5, 18, not a pleasant companion.
My 4, 17, 6, 7, 24, 13, 10, a pleasant country.
My 5, 3, 7, 9, 22, 7, 18, a heathen deity.
My 8, 15, 24, 19, 1, may be either a male or female.
My 20, 12, 5, 24, 11, 3, what the South may expect.
My 15, 10, 21, 14, 23, 0, 22, 23, a city in Asia.

My whole is the resort of beauty and youth in the Quaker city. CRAIGE WRIGHT.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first a person often meets
When walking in the city streets;
A heavy vehicle 'tis found:
It moves not lightly o'er the ground.

If in "Virginny" you should be,
My second you will likely see;
And let me "wish a wish" that you
Like it, may not be also blue.

My whole, it truly may be said
Is made of paper, twine and lead;
And something else that makes it go.
It layeth many a brave one low.

GAHMEW.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Is a desert in Asia.
Is a river in South America.
Is a river in Africa.
Is a county in Louisiana.
Is a river in Asia.
Is a town in Africa.
Is an adverb.
Is a river in Ireland.

My initials form the name of a range of mountains; my finals the place where found.

Enon, Lawrence Co., Pa. A. D. YOUNG.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A certain piece of round timber is 60 feet long, 40 inches in diameter at one end, and 20 inches in diameter at the other end. Required, at what distance from the middle must it be cut, to have the same number of cubic feet in each piece, and the number of cubic feet each piece contains?

Enon, Pa. A. DAVIS YOUNG.

☞ An arithmetical solution is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When is a tradesman's bill like a married man? Ans.—When it is settled.

☞ What is placed upon the table, often cut, but never eaten? Ans.—A pack of cards.

☞ Why can we not quell a tempest? Ans.—Because it is too laborious (to lay Horace.)

☞ Why is a young lady like a lobster? Ans.—Because the lobster has antennæ and she hasn't any.

☞ Why is a washerwoman the most cruel person in the world? Ans.—Because she daily wrings men's bosoms.

☞ Why is a poor horse greater than Napoleon? Ans.—Because there are in him *many* bony parts.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Major General George B. M'Clellan. LITERARY ENIGMA.—"Agnes of Sorrento," by Harriet Beecher Stowe. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—The Japanese embassy. CHARADE.—Conundrum. DOUBLE REBUS.—Abomey, Guinea. (Aolbery, Bureau, Oroael, Macon, Erie, Yakoba.) ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—A gets $380.65 5-21; B gets $419.04 16-21.

Answer to ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM, by Daniel Diefenbach, published Dec. 28: A got 75 acres at $5 per acre; B got 80 acres at $6 per acre; C got 60 acres at $7 per acre; D got 40 acres at $8 per acre; E got 45 acres at $9 per acre. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.